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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Annals of the House of Hanover, collated and arranged by Sir Andrew Halliday, M.D., F.R.S.E., &c. &c. 8vo., 2 vols. London, 1826. Sams.*

We like this book, but we do not like the title: we are warmly attached to the House whose annals it contains, but we would rather that it were distinguished by another name. Not but that, besides the alliteration, "the House of Hanover" is a sonorous, great, and lofty sound; but the House of Guelph has more of the dignity of antiquity attached to its memorials; and if a later glory should be sought, that which is so justly due to our Gracious King and his Sacred Father might have been assumed, and the *House of Britain* (for a truly British house it now is) stood at the front of these volumes. But we are far from blaming Sir Andrew Halliday for taking the matter as he found it; especially as he has produced an extremely well-arranged and interesting history of this most illustrious family, and a work which cannot fail to be highly grateful to the popular feelings of this country.

About six years ago, the author gave to the world the first fruits of his investigations upon this subject, during a residence in Germany; but his work was rather an antiquarian collection of documents \* than a historical narrative. It was nevertheless soon out of print, and he has judiciously (in our opinion) imparted to the present publication the regular and narrative character which is calculated to render it still more generally acceptable.

In offering an analysis and some extracts to our readers, to enable them to judge of what has here been done, we shall set out with noticing the genealogy of our beloved Sovereign. From Edico, King of the Scyrii, Hernili, and Rugini, who, according to Jornandez, was slain in battle by the Ostrogoths, on the bank of the river Bollia, A.D. 456, sprung Annulphus, Humolphus, or Guelph, the founder of this dynasty, and brother of Odoscer, the first barbarian king of Italy. He settled in Bavaria, and was succeeded by his son Oligandus, who sided with the Romans. Uligagus, his son, served with the famous Belisarius, and died ab. 590. Cadinius, his son or grandson, w<sup>n</sup> Duke of Burgundy, and lived chiefly in Fr. a. Cathicus, his son, was Governor of Alsace; and Welfo, his son, or another Welfo, marrying the heiress of Friuli, was invested with that duchy. After this we find, in succession, Ado, or Adelbert, Marquis of Friuli; Otakarius, Duke of Burgundy; Ruthard, or Rodward, Duke of Bavaria; and Adelbert II.

\* It is stated in a note, touching recent discoveries in this way, that "Baron Donop, vice-chancellor of the duchy of Meinungen, one of the most learned antiquaries in Europe, has lately published the work referred to in the text, and has proved, from coins and other relics found in Germany, that the Phenicians must have frequently visited, if they had not established, permanent colonies in various parts of the interior of that continent. His work is one of great research, and deserves to be better known in England."

in Friuli,—the family evidently retaining and dividing, as was usual in those times, among its various branches, the sovereign authorities of these separate and distinct possessions. In the tenth generation from Edico, stands Bonifacius, son of the last Adelbert, Count of Lucca, who died about 811; and his cousin Guelph, son of the above Rodward, count of Altdorf, who died some dozen of years later. From these descended Boniface II., and Ethico; and from them another Adelbert (the first of Tuscany), and another Guelph, in Altdorf. The two races of princes thus reigning separately at this period, from about 800 to 1100, were then united in the person of Guelph (the 19th from Edico), Count of Altdorf, Duke of Bavaria, and Sovereign Lord of the Italian principalities. He married Judith, widow of Tostus, titular King of England; and his younger brothers were ancestors of the Dukes of Ferrara and Modena. During the three centuries we have passed over in this genealogy, we should notice that the direct male line of the Tuscan branch ended with the sons of Adelbert II., about 920 or 930; and that Hugh Capet, King of France, sprung from the Burundian branch.

Guelph, in whom the families were re-united, was succeeded by Henry the Black, who obtained a great portion of the Saxon states; he was followed by Henry the Proud, married to the daughter of the Emperor Lothaire; and by Henry the Lion, who married Matilda, sister of Cœur de Lion, and Princess Royal of England, which country he twice visited. After Henry the Lion, we have William, Otho, the child, Albert the Great, Albert II., Magnus I. and II., Bernhard, Frederick, Otho, Henry, Ernest the Confessor, William, George, Ernest Augustus, and George Louis, who became, in 1714, King of England. The more immediate origin of the present families of Hanover and Brunswick dates from about 1592, when the brothers, Henry and William of Luneburg, by events and by territorial divisions among sons, before the rights of primogeniture became fixed, were so reduced in dominions as to reign jointly in the little principality of Celle.

"In 1569, Henry married Ursula, the daughter of Francis, duke of Engern, in Westphalia. William had previously, in 1561, married Dorothea, the daughter of Christian III., King of Denmark, and as two distinct families were now growing up, they agreed to separate their establishments. Henry, though the eldest, retired from Celle, and took up his residence at Danneberg. He accepted of that principality, and the Castle of Hitzacker, as his appanage, and allowed William to remain in possession of all the other states of the duchy. It was at this period, then, that the last and still existing division of the family of Brunswick commenced. Henry is the ancestor of the present Duke of Brunswick, and William the progenitor of the King of England and Hanover."

It was in 1692 that his descendants had re-

acquired so much power as to be generally acknowledged as Electors of Hanover.

The author observes—"Ernest Augustus, in whose person the House of Guelph recovered a small portion of its former splendour, and whose political influence raised his family to the regal dignity, though never formally admitted a member of the electoral college, enjoyed, for the last six years of his life, all the honours of his rank, and transmitted them to his son. He possessed extraordinary talents and great accomplishments; and in the young and beautiful Princess Palatine had found a friend, an adviser, and a supporter so zealous, that his measures, which were generally planned with great wisdom, and pursued with undeviating firmness, were almost always certain of proving successful."

The annals before us present all the remarkable warlike and political details which for so many ages operated upon and affected the dominions of these princes. Sometimes possessed of great power and weight, at other times beaten and depressed, the fluctuations of their fortunes furnish an eventful and curious lesson. In the earlier ages we have a good deal of the history of France, and also of Italy and Germany. At a later epoch, the Reformation produced a marked influence on the destinies of the family, and ultimately exalted it to the topmost pinnacle of the social edifice, which its present representative (Long may he reign!) crowns and adorns. One of the most interesting portions of the ancient history relates to the close friendship and intercourse which subsisted between the Houses of Brunswick and England, at the time of Henry the Lion, and Richard of the Lion Heart. Our first quotation, however, shall be the passage which treats of the re-union of the German and Italian branches of the Guelphic tree.

"Guelph, the fourth of his name as Count of Altdorf, succeeded his elder brother, Henry, in 1014. He lived in great favour with the emperor Henry II., accompanied him to Rome, when he was crowned, and was one of those, who, after his death, supported his recommendation in favour of Conrad, Duke of Franconia. He is represented as rich in possessions and powerful in arms. After Conrad's election, he was prevailed upon, when the emperor was absent in Italy, to join his rival, the younger duke, and was employed by him in a war against the city and bishopric of Augsburg. He took and plundered that city, and also the territory of Frisingen; but when this rebellion was suppressed, on the emperor's return, Guelph was not only compelled to send back the plunder he had taken, but, to evade the effects of the emperor's displeasure, obliged to fly into Italy, and take refuge at the court of his kinsman, the Marquis of Este. When he had arrived at a good old age, and began to reflect on the injuries he had done to the states of the church, he sincerely repented, says the monk of Weingarten, and that his sins might be pardoned, he bestowed several cities upon the cathedrals of Augsburg and Frisingen, whose

territories he had formerly plundered. His castle of Altdorf he gave to the monks of Alt-munster, and endowed their abbey with a princely revenue. He died in 1030, after having bestowed his daughter Cuniza or Cunigunda, together with a large tract of country in the fertile vale of Elisina in Lombardy, extending to eleven thousand mansi of land, on his friend and protector Azo the Second. Guelph, his only son, succeeded to the Bavarian territories, and having attached himself firmly to the interests of Henry III., the son and successor of Conrad of Franconia, was one of his principal captains, during the war in Hungary and Bohemia, and for his services in these campaigns, received the Duchy of Carinthia and Marquisate of Verona, which gave him the command of the whole of the Tyrol, and the important passes in the Rhoetian Alps. Greedy of wealth, he is said to have levied such heavy taxes from the citizens of Verona, that they were induced to complain to the emperor. Henry caused the matter to be investigated in his presence, and finding the complaints of the Veronese too well founded, he ordered the duke to return to the citizens the money of which they had been so illegally plundered. This act, notwithstanding its justice, gave great offence to Guelph, and although he accompanied Henry a second time to Hungary, in 1050, he joined the deposed Duke of Bavaria, when that prince erected the standard of rebellion against his lawful sovereign in 1054. But the death of the Bavarian rebel allowing the princes, who had been misled by his representations, to make their peace with the emperor, the Duke of Carinthia died very soon after his pardon had been pronounced. As he left no issue, the succession naturally devolved upon the son of the only sister, the wife of the Marquis of Este; but the monks of Weingarten had surrounded his death-bed, and prevailed upon him to make a will in their favour, and the allodial states of Altdorf and Ravensberg were claimed by that community after his decease. Imiza, his mother, however, was still alive, and no sooner heard of this claim, than she despatched a messenger into Italy, to demand the presence of the heir of the Guelphs, and on his arrival, the will of his uncle was annulled. The son of Cunigunda was received by the Bavarian vassals as the true and legitimate heir of the Guelphic family, in right of his father, but more particularly, as his mother was the legal heir of the deceased prince."

The prodigious influence of the clergy in those times may be gathered from this extract: it seems to have excited the author's ire, for a few pages after he says:—

" From the moment that the head of the Roman church had acquired an influence in secular affairs, the kingdoms of Europe, to which that influence extended, were never suffered to remain long at peace. If kingdom could not be stirred up against kingdom, a civil war was sure to be engendered; and Italy, which, from the time of Charlemagne, had always been esteemed a part of the German empire, was constantly the scene of priestly intrigue. Every emperor had to make his way to the crown by a fresh conquest of the country, because the feeling was kept up and maintained by the clergy, that no prince could be legally a sovereign until he had been anointed and crowned by the Pope, and at Rome. Under the Saxon emperors, the representatives of St. Peter were kept in some kind of subjection; but in the contests that followed the failure of heirs male in that line, they acquired

a superiority which they never afterwards lost."

Of the origin of the memorable feud between Guelph and Ghibelline, the following is Sir Andrew Halliday's brief account:—

" In 1116, the countess Matilda died at her palace of Bondeno, in the sixty-ninth year of her age. She was, as we have stated, the daughter of Boniface, Marquis of Tuscany, a cadet of the family of Guelph, and one of the most powerful princes in Italy. Her mother was the daughter of Conrad the Salic, and the sister of Henry III. Succeeding to the princely domains of her father, which comprehended Tuscany, Lombardy, and the duchy of Mantua, she married the Duke of Lorraine, who was a man of talent, but excessively deformed. After his death, she married, in 1089, the young Prince of Bavaria, from whom she was divorced in 1095, but there being no issue of either marriage, she is said to have intrigued with Gregory VII., and it is certain, that she supported the cause of that Pope, in opposition to her uncle and the interests of the empire. Her army was commanded by the Marquis Azo of Este, and was the cause of Henry IV.'s humiliation; and the wars which she supported and carried on were the beginning of those contests which so long ravaged Italy, under the name of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions. At her death, she bestowed her whole property on the church. The emperor, however, refused to ratify this will, and Guelph claimed the estates as her legitimate heir. After many fruitless attempts at negotiation, the emperor marched his army a second time to Rome, drove the pope from his capital, and took possession of that city, with the states of Matilda. Sentence of excommunication was in consequence pronounced against Henry and his party, and a formidable league was organized by the Archbishop of Mentz, which, for a while, gave the church party the advantage."

But, as we have stated, the history of Henry, and his union with our Princess Matilda, is the most interesting to British readers; and we shall chiefly take thence our examples of the author's composition.

" A.D. 1168, the country being once more at peace, and enjoying prosperity, Henry began to make arrangements for the completion of his marriage with Matilda of England. A splendid embassy was sent to the court of Henry, then in Normandy, to receive and conduct the bride to Saxony. When the princess and her train reached the small town of Minden, on the Werra, about the end of February, the duke was waiting to receive her, and the marriage ceremony was performed in the church of St. Gregory at that place. Matilda brought with her an ample dower, which had been provided by Queen Eleanor, during the period of her daughter's betrothal. And on the next day, after the ceremony had been performed, she was conducted to Brunswick, where the festivities of the court were kept up with great interest and much splendour for a long time. Matilda was still only in her twelfth year, having been born, according to the record, in 1156."

About 1171, her husband left his young wife to lead an army to the Holy Land, but the death of the Egyptian Sultan Nouradin rendered his aid unnecessary to the Christians in Palestine, and he soon returned to Germany. On his way back, it may be quoted as a picture of the times,—

" At Iconium he was received by the sultan, Klidje, Arsalan II., as a friend and relation. His mother was of German extraction, and he

claimed an affinity with the house of Saxony. Fifteen hundred Arabian steeds were presented by this prince to the duke and his suite, besides thirty superbly mounted, with six camels, and two leopards, that were destined for Henry's own use. On leaving Iconium, he followed the sea-coast of Syria to the northward, and the vessels of the Prince of Antioch conveyed him from the harbour of Seleucia, to the river Tarsus in Cilicia, and from thence to Constantinople; his march intersected, in a diagonal line, the whole extent of Asia Minor. Manuel received the Saxons again with open arms, and presented to Henry fourteen mules laden with gold, silver, and precious vessels. But he refused to accept of so munificent a present, and would only receive a few diamonds, and some holy relics with which he might adorn the churches of Germany. After some days spent in viewing the wonders of the eastern capital, he took leave of the emperor, and passing through Hungary, arrived at his palace in Ratishon, in good health, and with the loss only of Conrad, Bishop of Lubeck, and the Abbot of Luneburg, who had died from fatigue during the march to Jerusalem. Henry was absent about twelve months, and on his return he found his duchess in health, his servants faithful, and his enemies silent. His dominions were in a prosperous state, and his name was become more illustrious than ever. The whole German empire was, at this time, in a state of unusual tranquillity, and Henry, as a mark of his gratitude to God for the prosperity which he enjoyed, commenced the building of a magnificent cathedral at Brunswick. He caused the old churches of St. Peter and St. Paul, which stood near the Castle of Dankwarderode, and which were supposed to have been built in 868, by the founder of the castle, (a Duke Dankward,) to be pulled down, and on the ground which they had occupied, he laid the foundation of his new and more splendid edifice. The building was not completed for several years, but when finished, it was dedicated to St. Blasius and St. John, the apostles of Brunswick; the relics which he had brought from the Holy Land were carefully deposited in its sanctuary; and notwithstanding the many changes and revolutions that have taken place in the ages that have elapsed since this pilgrimage of Henry the Lion, the church of St. Blasius stands a proud monument of his piety and beneficence, and many of the relics, which were then considered so valuable, are still in existence."

Our remaining illustrations must be very brief; but, as far as they extend, they are miscellaneous, and characteristic of the work.

In 1225, "the people and the wealth of Germany were consumed in petty broils and domestic feuds, and circumstances the most ridiculous often gave occasion for a civil war: for example, the Baron of Asseenburg, whose estates lay in the Duchy of Brunswick, was desirous of an excuse for throwing off his allegiance, and as the armorial bearing of the duke, his sovereign, was a lion, and his own a bear, he got some herald to paint a standard with a bear on the back of a lion, pulling him by the ears. This insult was a sufficient excuse for Albert to take up arms, and it was the cause of a civil war in the duchy of Brunswick, which lasted nearly three years, and involved in ruin not only the Baron of Asseenburg, but many others, among whom were the Lords of Welfenbuttel, and the Counts of Everstein. The former was brought into the contest by the Bishop of Hildesheim, and the latter at the instigation of the Archbishop of Mentz."

The following remark is very just, and touches a spring which has not yet ceased to produce great effects, though it refers to exactly 300 years ago.

"The Reformation, wherever it had been received, had increased that bold and innovating spirit to which it owed its birth. Men who had the courage to overthrow a system, supported by every thing that could command respect or excite reverence, were not likely to be overawed by any authority of lesser weight; and having been accustomed for years to consider themselves judges of the most important doctrines in religion — to examine with freedom, and reject without scruple, what appeared faulty or erroneous in their religious establishment, they naturally carried the same inquisitive eye towards their civil government, and though themselves equally entitled to rectify whatever disorders or imperfections they discovered there."

Of the general merits of the work, not aiming at the highest dignity of history, but being a pleasant and familiar relation of interesting events, we have already spoken; of faults, which it is the critic's duty to detect, we shall say nothing, except, simply for the honour of our craft, that to talk of a Prussian, or any, *Grenadier* in the year 1265 (vol. 2, p. 76), appears to us to be a terrible anachronism. What were the grenades when there was no powder?

*Alla Giornata; or, To the Day.* 12mo. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley. London, 1826.

WITH two or three incidents, which must incur the censure of being thorough-paced novel ones—with an example of the thousand and one old women who date their origin from Meg Merrilies—still there is much, very much, that distinguishes these volumes from their competitors. The interest is well sustained, and the language elegant: and sketches of charming description, and observations whose truth and beauty must be felt by all, are scattered, like flowers, over the pages. The heroine Ildegarda is a very fascinating creature, and, both in her faults and merits, we give the author praise for having drawn an exquisite female portrait. Without trenching on the interest of the narrative, we shall extract one of those scenes in which we think the powers of the writer are peculiarly displayed. It is in the development of feelings, in fine analyzation of mental workings, in much of clear perception, that the author of *Alla Giornata* excels; and we shall subjoin two extracts tending to shew this excellence.

"The falling out of lovers is the renewal of love, says the old wise proverb, and in this case its veracity was not belied; the pactio[n] of friendship was wholly and for ever forgotten! Yet, though they tacitly knew it was so, they did not dare acknowledge the fact to each other; but yielding themselves up again to the delirium of hope, they sought no further to explore the book of destiny: the present open leaf was all they wished to read in. Oh, the danger of being again in that spot where the first influence of love stole over them! even where the shadow of a beloved object has passed along: the very ground seems to retain the vision still.

"The holy calm, the placid, and imposing aspect of the Campo Santo, replete with the highest conceptions of moral feeling, described in the most poetical imagery, was of all places the most likely to nourish and revive a deep-rooted attachment. Like all truly beautiful things, it delights the more the oftener it is resorted to;

and the more intensely it is contemplated. The gay worldling might not seek its lone tranquillity; but let those who have ever acknowledged a master passion in their breast, resort to the Campo Santo, to its long cloister, its walls of wondrous decoration, and say, if that passion did not recur to them in all its freshness of feeling, and in all its glowing purity, while musing in its marble solitude. With Ildegarda this was more especially the case, and all things returned to her feelings, and to her mode of existence, in their former channel. Life was life again, and brighter than ever, from the late contrast of gloom. Rachaela was once more the healthful, laughing girl. The usual tribes of artists and professors again sounded their sweetest strains, or exhibited the works of their art to the gifted eye of Ildegarda. Nay, even the common crowd of flatterers and idlers flocked around. But she beheld them under the beautifying influence of happiness; and there was an overflowing of kindness from her heart, which extended even to the meanest objects. It is curious to observe the effect which prosperity produces in different dispositions and characters. On the really noble and kind, it unlocks a thousand sources of benevolence; but when acting on the mean, and hard of soul, it indurates still more, still more inflates with foolish pride. Ildegarda felt as though she would fain make the whole world as blessed as she was herself; and, as she walked forth in brightness and in beauty, her soul was all humility, all thankfulness and love. Every thing around her assumed an air of joyousness and festivity. She redoubled all her charities; largesses were given to convents and hospitals; and one of the former, under the immediate protection of the Lanfreducci, was gifted with ornaments, and endowed with riches to great amount. Some said Ildegarda was making her peace with the offended church; some, that she was doing penance for her sins; others, that she indulged her love of ostentation and power; when, in fact, the whole truth might have been resolved into this one source—Ildegarda loved and was happy, and would have gifted the whole world with love and happiness, could she so have done. But to all these surmises she remained indifferent.

"If those who live upon busying themselves with the affairs of others, could but know with what sovereign contempt, or rather apathy, a being like her regards their observations, suspicions, and evil forebodings, how surprised and mortified would they often be! Nothing disconcerts intriguing spirits so much as to have no intrigue: perfect openness of character is seldom believed in, because it is so very rare. And as it is a tacit reproach to the generality of mankind, they agree to undervalue it, or perhaps wholly to doubt its existence. In the present instance they talked and surmised in vain; they threw no shadow on the happiness of her who soared far above them, in a bright sphere to which they could never reach.

"Ildegarda, who was of late indifferent to her personal charms and appearance, now took pleasure in her resplendent attire, and the consciousness of her beauty. She sat for her picture, and her sculptured likeness to various artists, and during the execution of these works, Ranieri delightedly watched every stroke of the chisel, every touch of the pencil. His two predominant passions were indeed happily blended; and for a lover of the arts to be a lover also, and to watch the beloved image starting into mimic life, is to enjoy all of pure felicity that can be known.

"'I love an artist's room,' said Ildegarda,

"I would not forego the pleasure of being allowed to come to it, to obtain admission to all the regal chambers of the great, where silk and satin vie with gold and precious stones.' The room of Messer Cino, or, as he humbly called it, his 'Bottega,' was a place of no common interest; for, besides the absolute requisites of his art, each of which presented a thousand varied combinations to elicit imagination, he had accumulated many fanciful objects of beauty and of use, all of which he declared were necessary to aid his powers of composing. His window, constructed with no research of art, was only shaded at pleasure by a large purple curtain, through whose half faded dye the light emitted finer demi-coloured tints than if, in the fulness of its stream, it had sent forth an overpowering brilliancy. It was the practice of Cino to paint under the natural light of day, for he said that when the difficulty could be overcome, there was a truth and force in objects thus delineated, which no contrived accident of light or shade could impart. In one corner of the room lay, piled up against the wall, some rich cushions of eastern manufacture, the texture and beauty of which, affording a fine back ground to many of his pictures, rendered them not merely the indulgence of luxury, but accessories to his art.

"On tables of carved ebony were illuminated manuscripts; on others, golden plate and vases of Venice workmanship, whose beauty was enhanced by the fruit that lay on the one, and the flowers which dropped from the other. Near these sumptuous objects of taste were seen some of less costly materials, but not inferior in their beauty of form. These were the metal pitchers in common use even to this day, and the wooden dishes of the perfumed cypress wood, whose delicious odour reminds those who inhale it of all the cities of Tuscany, where its fragrance may be enjoyed at every carpenter's shop. In other corners of this apartment were placed, on high-backed wooden chairs, peasants' garments, a veil, a silken scarf, and a lute; while on some of the falling folds of the drapery, a magnificent cat, of the wild breed of the Apennines, nestled in amiable, though unusual harmony, with a couple of the picturesque dogs of the Bolognese race. Add to the objects here detailed, the queen-like beauty of Ildegarda—the visionary form of the young Rachaela—Ranieri's matchless grace—the light of his commanding forehead and reflective brow—together with the attendant page, and his characteristic mother, the nurse Radegonda—and truly the bottega of Messer Cino comprised a rare assemblage of all that could give inspiration to the pencil.

"It was here that many delightful hours danced by unheeded. The poet Zanobi was always a welcome visitor, and it was to him no barren ground. He gathered many a myrtle wreath, and many a laurel crown, in this fascinating scene; and while he received rich treasures for his own delight, he imparted pleasure to those around him."

Again, with moralising attached—

"Believe me, the world is a mighty pleasant creature, only do not, as I said before, expect too much from it. In the hour of peace, of prosperity, and relaxation, seek the world; in moderation, taste of it as you would of a strong cordial; but lose not the remembrance that it turns bitter on the lips: drink it not to excess, or it will lead to folly, ignominy, or death. Hope nothing from the world in the hour of sorrow. Hope little even from friends; try them not too much; it is painful to find them wanting. Trust only in that world which is

*not now, but which must come to all, whether they will or not. Look at the great word written over the portal of death—Eternity—and seek your comfort there.'*"

We shall also give one specimen of the poetry, which is sometimes rather better than pretty, though it sometimes hardly deserves so much praise.

"How blest to be that lady's page,  
And live at her command;  
To give or leave her soft message,  
Or glove her lily hand.  
"How sweet to watch her meaning eye,  
And ere she breathes a prayer,  
Guess, and perform it instantly,—  
Then read her kind thanks there.  
"How blest to catch her raven hair,  
That lucky chance unties;  
The beauteous mischief to repair,  
And touch the silken prize.  
"What joy to place within her arms  
The lute she loves so well;  
For o'er it as she bends her charms,  
It seems my love to tell.  
"For, as her fingers press the strings,  
Weide after tone;  
And from her touch divine there springs  
Sounds all to earth unknown.  
"But of these visions heav'nly bright,  
Which pass in fair array,  
I'll be silent, and dream by night,  
And sigh for all the day.  
"Let me but be that lady's page,  
I ask not fare or fee;  
To do her bidding I'll engage,  
Whate'er that bidding be.  
"I'll place my pride in serving her,  
My fane beneath her feet;  
I'll live and die deserving her,  
And think such death is sweet."

We could wish, in conclusion, to call this author's attention to a subject she\* would be well capable of illustrating,—the present state of Italy. There would be a fine and vividly interesting subject for the powers she so evidently possesses; and which are so finely displayed in these volumes, as to place them in a very elevated rank amid the agreeable and interesting specimens of polite literature which the passing time produces. The talents of the author are of a superior order, and the book deserves not only to be read, as it will be, with pleasure, but to take a place for future enjoyment on the shelf with those novels which are preserved from the hasty oblivion that closes over so many of their race.

*Essay on Mind, with other Poems.* 12mo. pp. 152. London, 1826. J. Duncan.

THIS poem is represented to be the production of a young lady, and if this be true, which we have no reason to doubt, it certainly displays a much more extraordinary degree of philosophical, we might say, metaphysical acumen, than could be expected either from the youth or sex of the writer. Her very precise quotes Tacitus, and alludes to Thales; and then delivers her own opinion upon ethical poetry in these words:—

"I am, nevertheless, aware how often it has been asserted that poetry is not a proper vehicle for abstract ideas. How far the assertion may be correct, is with me a matter of doubt. We do not deem the imaginative incompatible with the philosophic, for the name of Bacon is on our lips; then why should we expel the argumentative from the limits of the poetic? If indeed we consider Poetry as Plato considered her, when he banished her from his republic; or as Newton, when he termed her 'a kind of ingenious nonsense'; or as Locke, when he pronounced that 'gaming and poetry went usually together'; or as Boileau, when he boasted of being acquainted

with two arts equally useful to mankind—writing verses, and playing at skittles,'—we shall find no difficulty in assenting to this opinion. But while we behold in poetry the inspirings to political feeling, the 'monumenta are perennius' of buried nations, we are loth to believe her unequal to the higher walks of intellect. When we behold the works of the great though erring Lucretius, the sublime Dante, the reasoning Pope; when we hear Quintillian acknowledge the submission due from philosophers to poets, and Gibbon declare Homer to be 'the lawgiver, the theologian, the historian, and the philosopher of the ancients,' we are *unable* to believe it. Poetry is the enthusiasm of the understanding, and, as Milton finely expresses it, there is 'a high reason in her fancies.'

Against this eloquent and somewhat too learned appeal we shall urge no objection, but content ourselves with offering a specimen of the fair author's execution, in proof of the correctness of the doctrine she maintains, backed by so many high authorities.

"Go, light a rushlight, ere the day is done,  
And call its glimmering brighter than the sun!  
Go, while the stars in midnight glory beam,  
Prefe're their cold reflection in the stream!  
But be not that dull slave who only looks  
On Reason 'through the spectacles of books'  
Rather by Truth determine what is true,—  
And reasoning works, through Reason's medium, view;  
For authors can't monopolise her light:  
'Tis yours to read, as well as theirs to write.  
'To judge is yours!—the why abusiv' call,  
'The world is sold out?—'tis not alike all!  
Shall passive sufferance e'en to mind belong,  
When right divine in man is human wrong?  
Shall a high name a low idea enhance,  
When all may fail, as some succeed—by chance?  
Shall fix'd chimeras unfix'd reason shock?  
And if Locke err, must thousands err with Locke?  
Men! claim your charter! spur th' unjust controul,  
And shake the bondage from the free-born soul!  
Go walk the porticos! and teach your youth  
All names are bubbles, but the name of Truth!  
If fools, by chance, attend to Wisdom's rules,  
Tis dism'gious to be right with fools.  
If human faults to Plato's page belong,  
Not e'en with Plato willingly go wrong.  
But though the judging page declare it well  
To love truth better than the lips which tell;  
Yet 'twere an error, with injustice clas'd,  
T' adore the former, and neglect the last."

As a composition, the most prominent fault in this performance is the frequent rhyme to mean words—nominatives, prepositions, &c. which fill the sentences well, but assuredly should never terminate lines in poetry. In other respects we see much to admire in the *Essay on Mind*, which often reminds us of Akenside, and not to the disadvantage of the writer. In the minor pieces there is (as in the whole volume) more of thought and a love of the muse, than of skilful versification. There is, therefore, much to be hoped, for where the material exists in such abundance, the art of builder may soon be acquired. All that we ask of the fair author is to address herself more to nature, and undress herself from the deep blue in which she is now attired.

*Scenes and Sketches of a Soldier's Life in Ireland.* By the Author of Recollections of an Eventful Life. 12mo. pp. 212. Edinburgh, 1826. Tait.

THE success which attended several works of this class, and among others, the preceding volume of the same author, has no doubt encouraged the production of similar publications. Yet, though the novelty is gone by, and we are now rather upon the lees of the cask, we cannot say that they are unpalatable. On the contrary, in the present instance, the sketches and scenes form a sequel to the preceding Recollections, resembling them much in character, and furnishing an idle hour's pleasant reading. The style is, as before, somewhat too ambi-

tious for the occasion and condition of the author, and he is in our opinion liable to censure for the dogmatical manner in which he speaks of particular officers and regiments; but neither this touch of inflation, nor overstepping the bounds of discretion, prevent his book from being amusing and interesting, from the realities of its descriptions; of this we shall offer, only premising that though Ireland is specified, much of the narration relates to Spain and Scotland. We shall, however, confine ourselves to the first mentioned country; and begin with a story of which Dennis a fellow soldier and friend of the writer's is the hero.

"My leave of absence (says the author) flew swiftly by, and I had again to bid my friends farewell, and return to my regiment. When I arrived, I found my comrade Dennis, along with some others, standing in full marching order, with his arms carried, and his face within a few inches of the barrack wall, in which position he was sentenced to remain, during three successive days, from sunrise to sunset, for being absent when the roll was called at tattoo. This was a new-invented punishment, intended as a mild substitute for flogging, but in my opinion, more severe and injurious to the health. Our moral physicians seem to consider bodily pain as the grand panacea for all errors of the mind. It is strange how precedent or prejudice should guide men of information on these points; it proceeds either from indolence, which prevents them thinking at all, or their passions are so much stronger than their reason, that they act contrary to their better judgment. The latter is the most common of the two. The fault of poor Dennis, had it been inquired into, did not deserve the severe punishment with which it was visited. His sweetheart, Peggy Doyle, had been seized with typhus fever, which was at that time prevalent. The common people in Ireland have a dread of fever almost incredible. The nearest relations of the sick will often refuse to visit them, and many times the suffering individual is almost totally deserted, unless there be some devoted wife, child, or mother, whose affection is stronger than the fear of death. Poor Peggy had caught the infection from a family, one of the girls of whom was her particular friend; the whole of the family, consisting of five individuals, were unfortunately ill at the same time, and Peggy, finding that no one would attend them (heedless of all selfish considerations), had given up her place to become their nurse. The father and a little boy died, but the two girls and the mother became convalescent. During this time she had been often assisted by Dennis, who shared cheerfully with her in the labour and danger to which her disinterested benevolence had exposed her. While they were ill she had remained perfectly healthy, but the disease was working in her blood, and her friends were scarcely able to crawl about, when their kind nurse was stretched on the bed from which they had just risen, with every symptom of the disorder more aggravated than that from which they had recovered. This was a heart-breaking business to poor Dennis; every moment he could spare he was at her bedside; and the night on which he had been absent from roll-calling, she was so ill, that, in his anxiety for her, he had forgot the hour of tattoo, and the reports were given in before he reached the barrack. I exerted the little influence I possessed to get Dennis forgiven, and was successful, and to prevent any misunderstanding, I got leave for myself and him for the night. When this point was gained, I accompanied

\* Lady Charlotte Berry: more known as Lady Charlotte Campbell.

him to see poor Peggy, but being insensible, she did not know me: she did not rave, but there was a deadly stupor in her eye. Poor Dennis was affected to the heart, but he endeavoured to bear it with fortitude. The girls were still too weak to endure the fatigue, and were in bed; but the mother sat beside us. It was evident that life was now fast ebbing—her eye became more glazed—the livid circle round her mouth became deeper—and her respiration more laborious. We had been sitting in silence for some time, watching the progress of dissolution, when we were startled by the melancholy and lengthened howl of a dog, outside the door. I cannot, need not attempt to describe the effect it had upon us. ‘Ah! that’s a sure sign,’ said the old woman, when she recovered herself, ‘the poor child will soon be gone.’ I am not very superstitious, and I strove to dispel the emotion I felt by going to discover the dog. I found him seated on the street opposite the door, with his face turned towards it. He was well-known to the regiment, for he frequented the barrack-square, and whenever the bugles sounded, he emitted the same kind of howl he had done that night. The knowledge of this in a measure quieted my mind, but I could not altogether rid myself of the strange impression created by the incident. Having returned to Peggy’s bedside, I found her much worse; the death rattle was in her throat, and a long and distressing moan, every two or three minutes, told how dreadful was the struggle. The old woman awakened her daughters—‘rise my dear girls,’ said she, ‘and pray for the soul of her who is losing her life for your sakes.’ By the time they got up, she was in the agonies of death. ‘Fall down on your knees my chilid,’ said she, ‘and pray to God to smooth her way to heaven.’ We sank down with one accord by the bedside, and while they offered up their fervent prayers, her soul winged its way to a world where her benevolent deeds would be appreciated and rewarded. Poor Dennis had held her hand in his for some time before she died, and he did not relinquish it, until the old woman came over to him and said, ‘O, Dennis, astore, she is gone.’ When he started to his feet, and gazing intensely on the corpse for a few minutes, he stooped down and imprinted a last kiss on her cold and livid lips, which but a few days before had glowed in all the vermillion of health; then turning about, he sat down in a corner of the room without saying a word. After a pause of an hour, during which they were busily employed in offering up prayers for the soul of the deceased—‘come my dear,’ said the mother to the elder girl, ‘we may as well get her laid out while she is warm; for I believe she hasn’t much to travel.’ Boys, you had better go home, and try and get some rest. Dennis was for guard next day, and could not accompany me; but when I returned I found the old woman and her daughters, weak as they were, had not been idle. The bed on which Peggy had lain was removed and burnt, the walls of both apartments white-washed with lime, and the floor strewn with mint and lavender. On the room-door, which had been unhinged for the purpose, and placed resting on two chairs, was stretched the dead body, covered with a white sheet all but the face, (which now wore a composed smile,) three

candles lighted were placed at her head, ornamented with cut paper. Though the morning had been stormy, the younger girl had gone out and collected such flowers as the season afforded—the snowdrop, the primrose, and the evergreen,—and strewed them on the corpse. The same dread that prevented the neighbours from visiting her in her sickness, restrained them from attending her wake; but it was so much the better—none but true hearts mourned over her—no tears were shed but those of affection—there was no boisterous or disgraceful mirth, such as I have witnessed on similar occasions—a few neighbours more friendly than the others, ventured into the outer apartment, and remained during the night, but the old woman and the two girls sat alternately, and sometimes together, at the head of the corpse—and apostrophising the inanimate clay, they ran over every endearing quality that she possessed, adverted to the happy moments they had passed in her company, and, with the tears trickling over their cheeks, chanted the plaintive airs which she was partial to, and had often joined them in singing. There was something in the scene so impressive and solemn, and, in the simple tribute of affection to the remains of their friend, so touching, that it was impossible to witness it without the heart whispering—‘it is good to be here.’ Having gone out for a few minutes, to warm myself at the fire where the neighbours were sitting, I overheard one of the women repeating an irregular rhyme. ‘What is the meaning of that?’ said I. ‘Its a rhyme,’ replied she, ‘that a poor innocent who frequented this used to repeat, and we happened to be talking about her.’ I expressed a wish to hear something concerning her; and in a detached and irregular manner she told me the following story:—Molly Kelly was the daughter of a small farmer in an adjoining county. She had been seduced by a young man of the same neighbourhood, under promise of marriage, which he delayed to fulfil so long, that Mary finding herself in a situation she could not long conceal, disclosed the secret to her mother. Knowing that her father was of a stern, unfor-giving temper, she endeavoured to keep it from his knowledge, but it was soon found necessary to tell even him. In his first transports of rage he threatened to take her life, and her mother was obliged to conceal her from his fury; she endeavoured to excite his pity for the unfortunate girl, but all she could get him to do was to restrain his anger until he saw whether the young man would marry her, (who was accordingly sent for,) but he refused in the most insulting terms. This was communicated by the heart-broken mother to Mary, who at the same time warned her of her father’s anger, and advised her to go to a relation’s house at some distance, until he could be brought to forgive her; this Mary at first refused to do, but her mother urged her departure, and she at length consented. Having reached her friend’s house, she remained there until within a few days of the delivery of her child, when she left it without giving any intimation, and wandered as far as her precarious situation permitted. She was seized with the pains of labour in a cottage, where she had gone in to rest herself, and was delivered of a daughter before she left it. The people were kind to her, and administered every thing to her according to their circumstances admitted; but poor Mary’s distress of mind enhanced her danger: she was seized with violent inflammation and became delirious. The disorder, however, at length subsided, and she gradually recovered

her health, but her reason was gone for ever. Her situation was taken notice of by some kind-hearted people, and they meditated taking the child from her, but she was so harmless and so fond of the babe, grew so uneasy and even frantic when any one attempted to take it, and besides had so much natural nourishment for it, that they allowed it to remain with her. For nearly a twelvemonth she roved about from one place to another, subsisting on charity, when the child caught the small-pox: at first she did not seem to understand that it was sick, but when the disorder came to a height, she felt uneasy at seeing the pustules which covered its skin, and one day she carried the poor infant to a stream and endeavoured to wash them off with a wisp of straw. Some person passing discovered her thus employed and interfered to save the child, but it was too late, it had expired in her hands; but she would not part with it until it was forcibly taken from her to be buried. From this time the disorder of mind assumed a different type. She would not enter a house, but slept about old walls or barns, and mourned continually for her child. Some one thought of giving her a large doll by the way of quieting her mind, and the experiment was so far successful; she lavished the same fondness on it, dressed it, and nursed it, as if it had been a living child; but she still avoided going into the houses, unless when the weather was very severe; then she would seek some favourite house, and chant over the rhyme at the door that I heard the woman repeat on my coming out of the room—

Open the door to pretty Polly, for this is a cold winter night:  
It rains, it hails, it blows, and the elements give no light.’

Her petition was never in vain, for they were all fond of poor Molly; but her constitution could not long withstand the constant exposure to the weather; her health gradually gave way, and one morning the wretched victim of seduction and parental cruelty was found dead by the side of a ditch.”

Our next extract gives a whimsical idea of an Irish provincial school.

“Here (the account is by a native), in his noisy mansion, sat Phil. Sullivan, wielding his birch as if it had been a sceptre, while his little subjects were ranged around on benches formed of sods, that you may still see along the wall. The fire, when any was required, was made in the centre of the apartment, the fuel being furnished by each scholar daily bringing a turf with him. The door was formed of stakes interlaced with wattles, a loop of which, thrown over a crooked nail, served the purpose of a lock, and a rude table, that the master sat at, was all the desk in the school. As they came in at the door, the urchins were obliged to make their best bow, by drawing back the left leg, catching the tuft of hair that hung over the forehead, and bringing their stiff necks to the precise mathematical curve that constituted politeness; while Phil. sat in the middle, sometimes talking English, sometimes Irish, to suit himself to the comprehension of his pupils. As a specimen of the manner in which he accomplished this, I will give you a journal of my first day at school. While the more advanced scholars were coming their tasks, he taught the young tyros the alphabet. ‘Come up here Pat Geahan,’ said he, to a red headed boy dressed in a grey frieze coat which came down to his heels, and a pair of old leather breeches, that only reaching half way down his thighs, exposed his red measled legs.—‘Come, stand up here on the table, and let the boys

\* It is generally believed, among the common people of this part of Ireland, that when the soul leaves its earthly tenement, the first thing it does is to travel over every spot of ground that the body did while living, during which time the tie between it and its mortal remains is not entirely severed; and for that reason they will not touch the body for a certain time after life is extinct.”

hear how well you can say your letters.'—Pat mounted with great confidence; but when his phiz, by being raised into the light, became more distinctly seen, 'Ubbaboo tearin' murder!' exclaimed Phil, 'where have you been wid that face? why, man alive, you've been kissing the prata pot, and your hair too stannin' up for a price, like the bristles of a fighting pig,—is there no water in the stream? and it would have been no great trouble to draw your fingers through your hair any how.'—Pat very composedly lifted up the tail of his coat, and spitting upon it, gave his face a wipe, that left it streaked like a branded cow.—' There now,' said Phil, 'blow your nose and hold up your head like a gentleman; what this *avick*,' said he, pointing to the first letter of the alphabet.—Pat scratched his head—' you don't know what it is,—small blame to you, for your mother keeps you running after the cows when you should be at your *larnin'*; but look up at the couples of the house, and try if you can't remember it.'—' A,' said Pat.—' Well done, what's the name of the next one?' Pat hesitated again, 'what do you call the big fy that makes the honey?'—' B,'—' Och, your *genus*, Pat, ready made.' So on he went, illustrating in this manner, until he came to the letter O, having tried Pat's *genus* with it two or three ways to no purpose, Phil was getting out of patience.—' What would you say if I was to hit you a *paltog* on the ear?' (suiting the action to the word,)—' O!' cried Pat, clapping his hand upon the afflicted spot, which rung with the blow.—' I knew you would find it,' said Phil: 'by the help of this admonition Pat struggled through the rest of the letters.—' Well, you may sit down now, and send up Mick Moriarty.'—Mick was rather farther on than Pat; he was spelling words: after spelling two or three tolerably well, he came to the word *what*.—' Well, what does w-h-a-t make?' Mick was not sure about it,—' w-h-a-t' said Phil, sounds *fut*; but (conscious of his own error in the pronunciation) 'when I say *fut*, don't you say *fut*; but do you say *fut* your own way?'

To this the account of the village priest is a fit appanage; and with it we shall recommend the volume to our readers.

"When we left the school-house, we were met by a sedate-looking old gentleman, who saluted us as he passed. 'That,' said Eugene, 'is Father —, our parish priest, a good and upright man, but eccentric in his manners, and more so in his preaching; that the latter is affected for the purpose of accommodating himself to the comprehension of his hearers, I believe, for he is a man of learning, and shines in conversation, when in company with people who understand him; but if you heard him from the pulpit, I doubt much whether you would be able to refrain from laughing. When the congregation are all composed, with their eyes fixed on him, he begins: 'there you are all of ye looking demure and mim-mouthed, like as many saints, as if butter wouldn't melt in your mouths. Who would think, now, that half an hour ago you were busy scandalising one another, making your remarks on this one's dress, and that one's face, while more of ye were bargaining about your pratas and corn, and this is all done when you come here on the pretence of hearing the word of God on the Lord's day.—But what do you do on the week days?—why you curse, and swear, and tell lies, and drink, and fight, and worse than all that, you go scheming about at night, doing mischief to every one that doesn't please you, and after

doing all this, you'll come to me, hanging a lip like a motherless foal, and a whine in your face, to make your confession, and get absolution for your sins; but how can I give you absolution; people that never think of God, only when the devil's at their elbow—and when I refuse ye, ye fall to blubbering, and say, O Father —, dear! hear me; what will I do, if you don't hear me? and what answer can I make ye, only that you'll go to hell and be damned; and indeed it is as true as I say it, if you don't mend your manners, that will be the end of ye: so I would advise you to mind what you're about, and don't forget that there's one above ye, that's taking note of all your misdeeds. I am sure you know yourselves there's no pleasure in the world in doing what's wrong, and you all know how contented you feel when you do what's right; then take my advice, and *make your souls* without any delay, for the Lord knows which of you may be alive to see next Sunday.' That is but a very imperfect specimen of his powers; for (in this rude style) he is a most merciless disector of the human heart, and his hearers often wonder how he attains a knowledge of their most secret failings, even when they are not regular in their duty: rude, however, as his oratory is, at times it is very impressive, and I have often seen his audience in tears. He possesses a strong influence over his flock, and I have frequently seen him plunge into the midst of a hundred fellows who were fighting with sticks, and with his horse-whip disperse the whole of them."

*Considerations on Volcanoes; the probable Causes of their Phenomena; the Laws which determine their March [a vile phrase]; and their Disposition of their Products; and their Connexion with the Present State and Past History of the Globe.* By G. Poulett Scrope, 8vo. pp. 270. London, 1825, W. Phillips; Edinburgh, Tait; and Dublin, Hodges and M'Arthur.

We have to apologise to our scientific readers for not having previously noticed this valuable acquisition to the present state of geological knowledge; for such we must esteem the "Considerations" of Mr. Scrope, notwithstanding the unassuming title under which his profound researches are introduced to the public. It is, indeed, the characteristic of genuine science to make its way without boast or parade. The subject of volcanic phenomena has engaged the attention of the most eminent philosophers of all nations; but the *soudus operandi* by which such stupendous results have been produced are obviously not to be comprehended by the superficial inquirer, nor properly estimated, except by those who will undergo the arduous task of examining *in situ* the theatres of active volcanic agency. This task Mr. Scrope imposed on himself, by visiting not only the volcanoes of Etna, Stromboli, and Vesuvius, but also the several districts of France, Italy, and Germany, where the most decided traces of volcanic agency abound. From the situation which the author fills (as Secretary to the Geological Society), he possessed peculiar advantages for the study; but *home* studies could never have enabled him to bring forward the mass of facts, observations, and legitimate inferences, with which his work abounds.

In order to do any thing like justice to the author, we ought to shew, by consecutive extracts from his own pages, the clear views with which he enters on the different points of

this extensive field of investigation. Equally unbiased by either of those two pre-conceived systems, which have been denominated the "Plutonian" and "Neptunian" Theories of the Earth, Mr. Scrope has apparently carried no prepossessions into the field, except a sound prepossession of mineralogical and chemical knowledge. Our limits, however, will only allow us to offer to our readers a brief abstract of his original views and ultimate conclusions.

After giving historical and geographical account of all the known volcanoes on the earth's surface, and noting the leading characteristics of each, with regard to the substances ejected, he (very reasonably) presumes the number of vents or *craters* in the crust of the earth to be much greater than is commonly imagined. When the immense extent of the aqueous portion of the globe is considered, and the well-authenticated evidence which exists, in the nature of the strata, that whole groups of islands in both hemispheres have been formed, or thrown up, from the depths of the sea by volcanic agency, it is certainly fair to infer, that the action of fire is at least periodically, if not constantly, going on in the recesses of the deep, though concealed from our knowledge until the ejected substances become elevated above the general level of the ocean, thereby forming rocks or islands. For the purpose of simplifying the investigation, Mr. S. classes the known volcanoes into three divisions—such as are in *constant* action—such as are *occasionally* subject to eruptions,—and such as are only active after very long periods of repose, which leads to the second chapter concerning the proximate causes which induce volcanic action. Mr. Scrope, like many other geological inquirers, considers aqueous vapour, or steam, to be the immediate agent by which the *fremendous* eruptions of volcanoes are produced. But he goes farther than any of his predecessors, by assigning the porous character of lavas to the distribution of aqueous matter through their entire mass. It has been usual to consider the scoriae of volcanoes, such as pumice, tufa, &c., to be a crystalline mass (of silica and alumina chiefly), which had undergone an intense degree of heat, to give it the requisite fluidity. The author, however, infers, from a most mature examination of the phenomena attending volcanic eruptions, that liquid lava consists of crystalline or angular particles, kept in a state of mechanical tension by the elastic aqueous matter, rather than what might be called an homogenous fluid; and that the matter of lavas being extremely slow conductors of heat, when the action of the atmosphere has formed an exterior crust on the lava, the interior of the mass cools very slowly, leaving these intersected nearly of the original dimensions occasioned by the steam at the maximum of heat. Water may, therefore, according to Mr. Scrope's views, be considered as forming an integrant part of the mass in all kinds of lava.

Now, we must admit that nearly all the facts connected with volcanic eruption, may accord with this theory. It will be evident, that a high degree of heat, by expanding the water into steam, will produce that intumescence or heaving through the whole mass of lava, as well as that lateral expansion of the lava, which enables us to account for the splitting or rending the sides of the crater in all considerable volcanic eruptions. The phenomena attending the discharge of lava from a volcano may, therefore, not be unaptly compared to the domestic operation of boil-

ing milk. When the heat beneath becomes sufficiently high to generate steam, the oily surface or cream of the milk forming at the same time a pellicle which prevents the ready escape of this aqueous vapour, a portion of the whole mass is uniformly ejected over the sides of the vessel into the fire. It is, indeed, very forcibly argued by the author, that either steam, or the ultimate elementary gases of water (oxygen and hydrogen), constitute in all cases the grand mechanical agent by which earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are produced. But where these terrific phenomena occur suddenly and violently, it must be presumed that a comparatively sudden irruption of water must have gained access to the ignited materials in the bowels of the earth.

We cannot follow Mr. S. through his learned and lucid train of reasoning, but shall proceed with a summary of his conclusions with regard to the interior of the earth, in its present state; and also the probable origin and progress of the successive developments of the strata which form the exterior. His great merit in these researches consists in what may be called the analytical mode of reasoning he has adopted. Instead of following the too common plan, of framing hypotheses, and subsequently building up such facts only as may support these partial theories, our author collects a vast accumulation of facts from unquestionable sources, or else from personal examination of the phenomena, in the first instance; and then, like the immortal discoverer of the laws of gravitation, endeavours to trace the chemical and mechanical agency by which such stupendous results were produced.

A careful analysis of the compound earthy, metallic, and alkaline matters, ejected from the crater of a volcano, must, doubtless, afford some tolerable evidence of the character of the mass in the interior; at least, of that portion of the earth immediately contiguous to the eruptive process. Mr. Scrope has, moreover, clearly shewn, that nearly all the varieties and apparent anomalies which exist in the crystalline structure of rocks, are capable of easy explanation by admitting the agency of aqueous matter, under different degrees of external pressure, and different degrees of temperature.

The interior materials, or nucleus of the globe, Mr. Scrope conceives to be a compound or granitic mass, still maintaining a very high temperature. That, at the period of its original formation, it might be compared to the small ignited bodies which we call aerolites, and possibly have been ejected from the sun. That, on arriving in its present orbit, a reduction of temperature, with condensation or crystallization, commenced, which, in all probability, is still going on. That the order of superposition of the strata was chiefly determined by the relative density of the various materials, which were kept for a time in a state of semi-fusion by fire, and mechanical subdivision by aqueous vapour at the same time. By the cooling of the exterior, both the solidification of the strata, and the deposit of aqueous matter into water occupying the lower levels, would of course simultaneously result. Lastly,—That subsequently to this uniform original deposit of the strata, the heat of the interior would have (probably from the compression augmenting its intensity) been sufficient to burst or dislocate the upper strata, and protrude the granitic materials, or to cause that general intumescence on the surface which constitutes the mountain chains of primitive or secondary rocks; and that, in a few instances, these mountains

are still perforated by a crater or chimney, through which the materials of the interior of the globe are occasionally ejected, in the form of volcanic phenomena.

*Travels in the Mogul Empire.* By Francis Bernier. Translated from the French by Irving Brock. 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1826. W. Pickering.

It is above a hundred and seventy years since Bernier's celebrated Travels were given to the world; and though constantly referred to, quoted, and panegyrized by subsequent writers, it is, strange to say, nearly as long since they were translated (and not very well translated) into our language. Yet a more curious and entertaining book can hardly be imagined. The early parts contain a striking account of the rise of Aureng-Zebe—his intrigues, his wars, and his murders. Throughout, the sketches of Mogul manners and customs are vivid; and the historical narratives are not only interesting, but important, from their relation to that vast Indian Empire which is now a portion of the British dominions. The lively style of the author, combined with his intelligence, and the extraordinary nature of the scenes of which he was an eye-witness, render his work altogether more like glowing romance, than a detail of real events; and we are persuaded, that the public will feel greatly indebted to Mr. Brock, for furnishing it with so acceptable a treat, whether viewed as an excellent fragment of Mogul history, a picture of the habits and genius of a people, or a tale of adventure, incidents, and wonders.

In endeavouring to convey to our readers a fair idea of these volumes, illustrative of Mr. Bernier's vivacity and talent, and of his translator's ability and merit, we shall refrain from intermeddling with the view of the civil war, which elevated Aureng-Zebe to the throne of Timour Lenk,\* though it is extremely well-written, and worthy of perusal, and address ourselves to a few of those minor anecdotes with which the work abounds, and which serve, perhaps better than affairs of greater consequence, to exhibit national characteristics. While Bernier was at Delhi, soon after the accession of Aureng-Zebe, an embassy arrived from Persia, respecting which we have the following remarkable stories.

"The King of Persia's letters, however, either contained some offensive expressions, or Aureng-Zebe took umbrage at the conduct or language of the ambassador; because the king complained, two or three days after the embassy had quitted Delhi, that the hamstrings of the horses presented in the name of the Persian monarch, had been cut by order of the ambassador. He commanded, therefore, that he should be intercepted on the frontier, and deprived of all the Indian slaves he was taking away. It is certain that the number of these slaves was most unreasonable; he had purchased them extremely cheap, on account of the famine, and it is also said that his servants had stolen a great many children. Aureng-Zebe, during the stay of this embassy at Delhi, was careful to demean himself with strict propriety; unlike his father, Shah-Jehan, who, upon similar occasion, either provoked the anger of the ambassador of the celebrated Shah-Abas, by an ill-timed haughtiness, or excited his contempt by an unbecoming familiarity.

\* Corrupted into Tamerlane. Timor Lenk is the Lord, or lame Prince. Timour, in Turkish, signifies lame; lenk, in Persian, lame.

"A Persian, who wishes to indulge in any satirical merriment at the expense of the Indians, relates a few such anecdotes as the following. When Shah-Jehan had made several fruitless attempts to subdue the arrogance of the ambassador, whom no arguments or caresses could induce to salute the Great Mogul according to the Indian mode, he devised this artifice to gain his end. He commanded that the grand entrance of the court leading to the Am-kas, where he intended to receive the ambassador, should be closed, and the wicket only left open; a wicket so low that a man could not pass through without stooping, and holding down the head, as is customary in making the Indian salam. Shah-Jehan hoped by this expedient to have it in his power to say that the ambassador, in approaching the royal presence, bowed the head even nearer to the ground than is usual in his court; but the proud and quick-sighted Persian, penetrating into the Mogul's design, entered the wicket with his back turned toward the king. Shah-Jehan, vexed to see himself overcome by the ambassador's stratagem, said indignantly, ' Eh-bed-bakt, Wretch! didst thou imagine thou wast entering a stable of asses like thyself?'

'I did imagine it,' was the answer. 'Who, on going through such a door, can believe he is visiting any but asses?' Another story is this. Shah-Jehan, displeased with some rude and coarse answer made by the Persian ambassador, was provoked to say, ' Eh-bed-bakt; has then Shah-Abas no gentleman in his court, that he sends me such a hair-brained fellow?' 'O, yes; the court of my sovereign abounds with polite and accomplished men; but he adapts the ambassador to the king.' One day, having invited the ambassador to dine at the royal table, and seeking, as usual, an occasion to discompose and vex him,—while the Persian was busily employed in picking a great many bones, the king said, coolly, ' Ehelchygy, my lord ambassador, what shall the dogs eat?'

'Kichery,' was the prompt answer; a favourite dish of Shah-Jehan, and which he was then devouring with avidity. Kichery is a mess of leguminous plants, the general food of the common people. The Mogul, inquiring what he thought of his new Delhi, then building, as compared to Ispahan; he answered aloud, and with an oath, ' Billah! billah! Ispahan cannot be compared to the dust of your Delhi:' which reply the king took as a high encomium upon his favourite city, though the ambassador intended it in sportive derision, the dust being intolerable in Delhi. Lastly, the Persians pretended that their countryman, being pressed by Shah-Jehan to tell him candidly how he estimated the relative power of the kings of Hindostan and Persia; he observed, that he likened India to a full moon fifteen or sixteen days old, and Persia to a young moon of two or three days. This ingenious answer was at first very flattering to the Great Mogul's pride, but became a source of deep mortification when he had rightly interpreted the ambassador's meaning; which was, that the kingdom of Hindostan is now on the decline, and that of Persia advancing, like the crescent, in splendour and magnitude.

"Such are the witticisms so much vaunted by the Persians in India, and which they seem never tired of repeating. For my part, I think a dignified gravity and respectful demeanour would better become an ambassador, than the assumption of a supercilious and unbending carriage, or the indulgence of a taunting and sarcastic spirit. Even if he possessed no higher principle to regulate his conduct, it is surpris-

ing that Shah-Abas's ambassador was not constrained by common considerations of prudence; and how much he had to fear from the resentment of a despot, whom he foolishly and unnecessarily provoked, was seen by the danger he narrowly escaped. Shah-Jehan's malignity grew so violent and undisguised, that he addressed him only in the most opprobrious terms, and gave secret orders that when the ambassador entered a long and narrow street in the fortress, leading to the hall of assembly, a vicious elephant should be let loose upon him. A less active and courageous man must have been killed; but the Persian was so nimble in jumping out of his palanquin, and, together with the attendants, so prompt and dexterous in shooting his bows, that the animal was scared away."

The belief in judicial astrology which prevails all over the East, is also amusingly elucidated. M. Bernier says—

"An event occurred at this period not very creditable to the astrologers. The large majority of Asiatics are so infatuated in favour of judicial astrology, that, according to their phraseology, no circumstance can happen below, which is not written above. In every enterprise they consult their astrologers. When two armies have completed every preparation for battle, no consideration can induce the generals to commence the engagement until the sahet be performed; that is, until the propitious moment of attack be ascertained. In like manner no commanding officer is nominated, no marriage takes place, and no journey is undertaken, without consulting these seers. Their advice is considered absolutely necessary even on the most trifling occasions; as the proposed purchase of a slave, or the first wearing of new clothes. This silly superstition is so general an annoyance, and attended with such important and disagreeable consequences, that I am astonished it has continued so long; the astrologer is necessarily made acquainted with every transaction public and private, with every project common and extraordinary. Now it happened that the king's principal astrologer fell into the water and was drowned. This melancholy accident caused a great sensation at court, and proved injurious to the reputation of these professors in divination. The man who had thus lost his life always performed the sahet for the king and the omrahs; and the people naturally wondered that an astrologer of such extensive experience, and who had for many years predicted happy incidents for others, should have been incapable of foreseeing the sad catastrophe by which he was himself overwhelmed. It was insinuated that in Frangistan, where the sciences flourish, professors in astrology are considered little better than cheats and jugglers, that it is there much doubted whether the science be founded on good and solid principles, and whether it be not used by designing men as a mean of gaining access to the great, of making them feel their dependence, and their absolute need of these pretended soothsayers. The astrologers were much displeased with these and similar observations, and particularly with the following anecdote, which was universally known and repeated.—Shah-Abas, the great king of Persia, having given orders that a small piece of ground within the seraglio should be prepared for a garden, the master-gardener intended to plant there several fruit-trees on a given day; but the astrologer, assuming an air of vast consequence, declared that unless the time of planting were regulated by the sahet, it was impossible that the trees should thrive. Shah-

Abas having acquiesced in the propriety of the remark, the astrologer took his instruments, turned over the pages of his books, made his calculations, and concluded that, by reason of this or that conjunction of the planets, it was necessary to plant the trees before the expiration of another hour. The gardener, who thought of nothing less than an appeal to the stars, was absent when this wise determination was formed; but persons were soon procured to accomplish the work: holes were dug, and all the trees put into the ground, the king placing them himself that it might be said they were all planted by the hand of Shah-Abas. The gardener returning at his usual hour in the afternoon, was greatly surprised to see his labour anticipated; but observing that the trees were not arranged according to the order he had originally designed, that an apricot, for example, was placed in the soil intended for an apple tree, and a pear tree in that prepared for an almond, he pulled up the premature plantation, and laid down the trees for that night on the ground, covering the roots with earth. In instant the astrologer was apprised of the gardener's proceedings, and he was equally expeditious in complaining to Shah-Abas, who, on his part, sent immediately for the culprit. 'How is it?' cried the monarch indignantly, 'that you have presumed to tear up trees planted by my own hands; trees put into the ground after the solemn performance of the sahet? We cannot now hope to repair the mischief. The stars had marked the hour for planting, and no fruit can henceforth grow in the garden.' The honest rustic had taken liberal potations of Schiraz wine, and looking askance at the astrologer, observed after an oath or two, 'Billah, billah, an admirable sahet certainly! thou angur of evil! Trees planted under thy direction at noon, are in the evening torn up by the roots.' Shah-Abas, hearing this unexpected piece of satirical drollery, laughed heartily, turned his back upon the astrologer and walked away in silence. I shall mention two other circumstances, although they happened during the reign of Shah-Jehan. The narration will be useful in shewing that the barbarous and ancient custom obtains in this country, of the king's constituting himself sole heir of the property of those who die in his service. Neiknam-Khan was one of the most distinguished omrahs at court, and during forty or fifty years, while he held important offices, had amassed an immense treasure. This lord always viewed with disgust the odious and tyrannical custom above-mentioned, a custom in consequence of which the widows of so many great omrahs are plunged suddenly into a state of wretchedness and destitution, compelled to solicit the monarch for a scanty pittance, while their sons are driven to the necessity of enlisting as private soldiers under the command of some omrah. Finding his end approaching, the old man secretly distributed the whole of his treasure among distressed widows and poor cavaliers, and afterwards filled the coffers with old iron, bones, worn out shoes, and tattered clothes. When he had securely closed and sealed them, he observed that those coffers contained property belonging exclusively to Shah-Jehan. On the death of Neiknam-Khan, they were conveyed to the king, who happened to be in the assembly, and who, inflamed with eager cupidity, commanded them to be instantly opened in the presence of all his omrahs. His disappointment and vexation may easily be conceived; he started abruptly from his seat and hurried from the hall. Some years after the

death of a wealthy banian, or pagan merchant, who had always been employed in the king's service, and, like the generality of his countrymen, had been a notorious usurer, the son became clamorous for a certain portion of the money. The widow refusing to comply with the young man's request, on account of his profligacy and extravagance, he had the baseness and folly to make Shah-Jehan acquainted with the real amount of the property left by his father, about two hundred thousand crowns. The mogul immediately summoned the old lady, and, in the presence of the assembled omrahs, commanded her to send him immediately one hundred thousand rupees, and to put her son in possession of fifty thousand. Having issued this peremptory injunction, he ordered the attendants to turn the widow out of the hall. Although surprised by so sudden a request, and somewhat offended at being rudely forced from the chamber, without an opportunity of assigning the reasons of her conduct, yet this courageous woman did not lose her presence of mind; she struggled with the servants, exclaiming that she had something further to divulge to the king. 'Let us hear what she has to say,' cried Shah-Jehan. 'Hazret-Salamet! Heaven preserve your majesty! It is not perhaps without some reason that my son claims the property of his father; he is our son, and consequently our heir. But I would humbly enquire what consanguinity there may have been between your majesty and my deceased husband to warrant the demand of one hundred thousand rupees?' Shah-Jehan was so well pleased with this short and artless harangue, and so amused with the idea of a banian, or idolatrous tradesman, having been related to the sovereign of India, that he burst into a fit of laughter, and commanded that the widow should be left in the undisturbed enjoyment of the money of her deceased husband."

But probably, the portion of Bernier's observations which will attract popular feeling most intensely, is that which relates to the sacrifice of Hindoo widows, of several of which horrid rites he was an eye-witness. From among the rest we select the annexed as being marked by peculiar circumstances, which strongly affect the mind.

"In regard to the women who actually burn themselves, I was present at so many of those shocking exhibitions, that I could not persuade myself to attend any more; nor is it without a feeling of horror that I revert to the subject. I shall endeavour, nevertheless, to describe what passed before my eyes; but I cannot hope to give you an adequate conception of the fortitude displayed by these infatuated victims during the whole of the frightful tragedy: it must be seen to be believed. When travelling from Ahmedabad to Agra, through the territories of rajahs, and while the caravan halted in a town under the shade, until the cool of the evening, news reached us that a widow was then on the point of burning herself with the body of her husband. I ran at once to the spot, and going to the edge of a large and nearly dry reservoir, observed at the bottom a deep pit filled with wood; the body of a dead man extended thereon; a woman seated upon the same pile; four or five brahmins setting fire to it in every part; five middle-aged women, tolerably well dressed, holding one another by the hand, singing and dancing round the pit; and a great number of spectators of both sexes. The pile, wherein large quantities of butter and oil had been thrown, was soon enveloped in flames, and I saw the fire catch the woman's garments,

which were impregnated with scented oil, mixed with sandarach and saffron powder; but I could not perceive the slightest indication of pain, or even uneasiness in the victim, and it was said that she pronounced with emphasis the words *five, two*; to signify that this being the fifth time she had burned herself with the same husband, there wanted only two more similar sacrifices to render her perfect, according to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls: as if a certain reminiscence, or prophetic spirit, had been imparted to her at that moment of her dissolution. But this was only the commencement of the infernal tragedy. I thought that the singing and dancing of the five women were nothing more than some unmeaning ceremony; great therefore was my astonishment when I saw that the flames having ignited the clothes of one of these females, she cast herself head foremost into the pit. The horrid example was followed by another woman, as soon as the flames caught her person: the three women, who remained, then took hold of each other by the hand, resuming the dance with perfect composure; and after a short lapse of time, they also precipitated themselves, one after the other, into the fire. I soon learnt the meaning of these multiplied sacrifices. The five women were slaves, and having witnessed the deep affliction of their mistress in consequence of the illness of her husband, whom she promised not to survive, they were so moved with compassion that they entered into an engagement to perish by the same flames that consumed their beloved mistress."

"As I was leaving Surat for Persia, I witnessed the devotion and burning of another widow: several Englishmen and Dutchmen, and Mr. Chardin, of Paris, were present. She was of the middle age, and by no means uncomely. I do not expect, with my limited powers of expression, to convey a full idea of the brutish boldness, or ferocious gaiety, depicted on this woman's countenance; of her undaunted step; of the freedom from all perturbation with which she conversed, and permitted herself to be washed; of the look of confidence, or rather of insensibility which she cast upon us; of her easy air, free from dejection; of her lofty carriage, void of embarrassment, when she was examining her little cabin, composed of dry and thick millet straw, with an intermixture of small wood; when she entered into that cabin, sat down upon the funeral pile, placed her deceased husband's head in her lap, took up a torch, and with her own hand lighted the fire within, while I know not how many brahmans were busily engaged in kindling it without:—well indeed may I despair of representing this whole scene with proper and genuine feeling, such as I experienced at the spectacle itself, or of painting it in colours sufficiently vivid. My recollection of it indeed is so vivid, that it seems only a few days since the horrid reality passed before my eyes, and with pain I persuade myself that it was any thing but a frightful dream."

"At Lahore I saw a most beautiful young widow sacrificed, who could not, I think, have been more than twelve years of age. The poor little creature appeared more dead than alive when she approached the dreadful pit: the agony of her mind cannot be described; she trembled and wept bitterly; but three or four of the brahmans, assisted by an old woman who held her under the arm, forced the unwilling victim toward the fatal spot, seated her on the wood, tied her hands and feet, lest she should run away, and in that situation the innocent

creature was burnt alive. I found it difficult to repress my feelings, and to prevent their bursting forth into clamorous and unavailing rage; but restrained by prudential considerations, I contented myself with silently lamenting the abominable superstition of these people, and applied to it the language of the poet, when speaking of Iphigenia, whom her father Agamemnon had offered in sacrifice to Diana.

*"Sapius olim  
Religio perperit sclerosa atque impia facta,  
Aulide quo pacto trivai Virginis aram  
Iphianassat turparrant sanguine foede  
Ductores Danium —  
tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!"*

The author's descriptions of Delhi and Agra, and also his account of a journey of Aureng-Zebe to Kashmire, the paradise of India, will be found to be full of entertainment; nor will readers who reape more than mere amusement fail to reap information from his scientific discussions, and other graver matter. One other great merit of these travels is, that they are free from every taint of the detestable religious opinions of their author. Materialism and Gassendi do not figure here, and we can safely recommend these pages to young and old, as being at once instructive and highly pleasing.

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Rejected Articles.* 12mo. pp. 353. Colburn.

THESE are imitations of Mr. Lamb, Cobbett, Horace Smith, Professor Wilson, James Smith, Hazlitt, Jeffrey, Leigh Hunt, and *P. G. P.*, whom we do not discover in *P. P.* or *Proprio Persona*. They are in prose, and formed on the plan of the *Rejected Addresses*; but we cannot say that they possess the same spirit, or produce any striking effect. It is true that the papers, if some of them are not really written by the persons to whom they are ascribed, are exceedingly clever copies of their styles and ways of thinking; but they are too long for *jeux d'esprit*, and the writers whom they parody, and the matter which they embrace, of too little interest to excite much attention beyond the circle of the parties immediately concerned. When nobody cares to read the originals, it is too much to expect that any body would care to read the copies.

*The Judgment of Babylon; the Siege of Massaïe: with other Poems.* By James Campbell. 12mo. pp. 200. London, 1826. J. Churchill.

THIS is clearly the production of a young writer, and we have seen too many poor buds burst into fine flowers, and too many rich buds display no beauty on expanding, to venture to pronounce decisively on the future of Mr. Campbell. His present work is characterised by good feeling, and a strong leaning towards religious subjects. When he takes up the themes of earth he is cold: his other, the principal efforts, are moral and sensible, without being very poetical or striking; so that, indeed, we can only speak of the volume as a youthful trial of skill.

*Abassah, an Arabian Tale: in Two Centos,* 8vo. pp. 116. London, 1826. W. Anderson.

THIS also is a poetical performance, after the manner of Sir Walter Scott. The author appears to have considerable spirit; and when his taste is more cultivated, and his skill in composition, consequently, improved, we should not be surprised to see him succeed. Our advice, founded on this tale, would be to try dramatic writing in the train of the tragic muse.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### NOTICES IN SCIENCE.

*Condensing Wood.*—A Mr. Astle has taken out a patent for compressing wood, by means of parallel steel rollers, which forces out the sap or moisture, and renders the planks submitted to the operation, stronger, heavier, and harder for furniture and other useful purposes.

*Fossil Remains.*—In caverns of calcareous strata, near Lunel-Viel, and not far from Montpellier, M. Marcel de Serres has discovered an immense quantity of fossil bones, which are likely to augment the multitude of theories which sprung up concerning those at Kirkdale. Besides bones of herbivorous and carnivorous animals, he (Mr. Brewster, in his *Edinburgh Journal*, tells us) "found some not hitherto met with in a fossil state, viz. the bones of the camel. Among the carnivorous animals he places, in the first rank, lions, and tigers, much superior in size and strength to the present living species,—animals whose canine teeth are about 16 centimetres in length, and 39 millimetres in breadth. Along with these enormous bones are found others approaching to the species of lions and tigers now existing; with them are mixed bones of hyenas, panthers, wolves, foxes, and bears (differing but little from the badger), and of dogs. Mixed with these bones of carnivorous animals, are found great quantities of the bones of herbivorous quadrupeds, among which the discoverer met with several species of hippopotamus, wild boars of large size, peccaries, horses, camels, many species of stag, elk-deer, roebuck, sheep, oxen, and, lastly, several species of rabbits and rats. What renders this circumstance more remarkable is, that the bones of the animals thus buried, which are sometimes in such quantities, that the caverns of Lunel-Viel resemble cemeteries, seem to have no connexion with the habits of the animals to which they have belonged. By the side of an entire or broken jaw of a carnivorous animal, is often found the bones of herbivorous races, and all are so mixed, that it is rare to meet with two entire bones which have belonged to the same animal, or at least to animals of the same genus. These fossil bones are thus disseminated in these caverns without order, and never entire; and as they are found in the middle of alluvial land, it may be supposed that they have been transported thither by water."

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

Sir William Ouseley has prepared for the press his "*Anecdotes of Eastern Bibliography*," a work originally founded on the descriptive catalogue of his own Arabic, Persian, and Turkish manuscripts, which, above twenty years ago, (as appears from the preface to his "*Epitome of Persian History*,") amounted in number to nearly four hundred volumes. Having enlarged his collection, and extended his plan, Sir William has compiled notices of many hundred other MSS., examined by himself in different public and private European libraries; and, during his travels in Persia and Turkey, where he procured several, of which, there is reason to believe, no second copies can be found in Europe. He describes a multiplicity of MSS. not mentioned by the Turkish bibliographer, Hadji Khalfa, nor by the celebrated French Orientalist, D'Herbelot, nor by the ingenious Professor Stewart, in his Catalogue of Tippoo Sultan's library. It is Sir William's intention to give the names of

author's and places, and the titles of books in their proper characters; and such anecdotes, literary and biographical, as may at once instruct and amuse; occasionally interspersing extracts from the most rare and valuable manuscripts, with notices of such ancient works as may be supposed lost, or only known at present through quotations or references made by Eastern writers. This work is to be published in several parts: all uniformly printed, but each in itself complete and independent of any other. It will be embellished with lithographic imitations of remarkable handwriting, *fao similes* of extraordinary maps, and outlines of curious miniature paintings—each part, on an average, comprising an account of about one hundred different manuscripts.

CAMBRIDGE, July 7.—On Tuesday last, being Commencement Day, the following Doctors and Masters of Arts were created:—

*Doctors in Divinity.*—The Rev. M. Bland, Prebendary of Wells, &c.; the Rev. J. Walker, Episcopal Professor of Divinity in Edinburgh; the Rev. W. Moore, St. John's College; the Rev. W. Ward, Prebendary of Salisbury, Calvis Civil Law.

*Bachelors in Civil Law.*—J. Wyke, Trinity College, late Prebendary Judge at New South Wales; the Rev. G. B. Jermyn, W. C. Gertes, Trinity Hall.

*Doctors in Physic.*—E. J. Seymour, Jesus College; J. Wilson, Christ College; H. H. Fox, St. John's College.

*Masters of Arts.*—J. W. Gleadall, R. C. Hildyard, S. S. Rutter, J. C. Williams, H. Norman, T. Wilson, R. Poole, W. Bright, St. Catherine's College; H. Harper, W. Marshall, J. Moverley, J. Furnivall, J. Sandy, G. Gabert, G. Jackson, T. Clowes, Queen's College; H. Dickinson, R. Conyngham, E. Fisher, W. Hodges, E. Osborne, F. V. Luke, W. Somerville, C. E. Palmer, G. Norman, St. Peter's College; G. Leapingwell, C. R. Dicken, J. Thomas, J. Robinson, T. Singleton, E. J. Howman, T. W. Gillham, T. Dale, W. Brett, J. Porter, W. Gay, W. E. L. Faulkner, Christ Church College; R. Foley, R. Cory, C. A. Thorold, A. Hopkins, G. B. L. Hesse, G. J. Berrey, C. A. Dwaris, Emmanuel College; C. Currie, A. Williams, T. Trocke, R. P. Blake, J. N. Palmer, S. E. Bateson, Pembroke College; E. Nepys, G. B. Alry, C. J. Myers, F. Field, E. Strutt, S. E. Bellamy, W. Poene, F. T. Atwood, L. M. Scott, B. Kenyon, W. Speer, C. J. Remond, R. W. Whittemore, C. G. S. Montesth, F. Hill, W. R. Sandy, E. Egremont, W. Huntington, G. F. Heming, W. Melville, W. P. Lendon, J. H. Thelwall, N. W. H. Barkworth, D. Heseltine, C. W. Etheridge, J. Moultrie, J. W. Allan, E. Chidlers, C. H. Wrightson, B. Hill, T. Ronnely, J. E. Drinkwater, W. A. Channing, A. S. Theophilus, Trinity College; T. Crick, J. Bainbridge, L. Stevenson, C. Jeffreys, H. Howarth, P. Mason, C. May, H. Margeret, J. D. Glover, C. Molhuish, H. Jackson, T. Willis, H. J. Cooper, J. Barber, G. Tonnington, H. B. Clive, R. Wharton, W. Pearce, E. Birch, G. Bryas, C. Gray, C. Collins, T. Collyer, J. Battaman, F. G. Smith, G. Wightman, O. Sergeant, S. Benson, G. W. White, J. R. Maude, T. Barringer, W. Taylor Raynes, R. Edmunds, N. R. Calvert, C. Tennyson, St. John's College; H. E. Kerich, W. Stoddart, G. L. Foxton, H. Goggs, C. W. Heigham, C. S. Chaplin, G. L. Russell, J. Cubitt, H. Thorp, Christ's College; L. Butler, J. C. Evans, J. Chapman, H. C. Naturin, H. N. Coleridge, R. B. Radcliffe, King's College; W. Hicks, W. Waring, Magdalen College; S. C. Steane, W. E. Evans, J. Punnett, R. D. Backhouse, Clare College; P. Gunson, W. H. Parker, Don College; T. W. Simon, Caius College; C. D. Halford, E. Wilson, Jesus College.

At the congregation on Saturday last, the Rev. F. Lockey, of Magdalen College, and the Rev. C. Frederick Bond, of Trinity Hall, were admitted Bachelors in Civil Law.

On the same day, G. Shaw, of Caius College, was admitted Licentiate in Physic; and E. Ellis, of St. Peter's College, Bachelor of Arts.

The Rev. J. Natt, B.D. Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, was on the same day admitted *ad eundem*; and E. H. More, B.A. of Dublin, was incorporated of this University.

At the congregation on Monday last, the Hon. C. Dundas, of Trinity College, son of Lord Melville, was admitted Honorary Master of Arts.

On the same day, W. H. Holt, of St. John's College, was admitted Bachelor of Arts.

At a congregation held yesterday, the following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts.*—Rev. G. T. Ricketts, Rev. S. Paynter, Trinity College; Rev. J. Jones, St. John's College, Comptroller; D. G. St. Catherine Hall.

*Bachelors in Civil Law.*—Rev. W. H. Dickinson, Christ College.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—D. F. Hanridge, Queen's College.

At the same congregation, the Rev. T. B. Charnock, M.A. of University College, and W. S. H. Braham, M.A. of Lincoln College, Oxford, were admitted *ad eundem*.

OXFORD, July 8.—On Saturday last the following degrees were conferred:—  
*Masters of Arts.*—Rev. D. Alexander, St. Mary Hall; Rev. J. A. G. Colpoys, Exeter College.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ARTISTS AND ARTS,

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.

##### No. II.—British Gallery.

GREAT curiosity had been excited amongst the artists to see Zoffany's picture of the *Florentine Gallery*, which had been much spoken of by such of the English noblemen and gentlemen as (returned from abroad) had visited Florence in their continental tour. Indeed, the fame of the picture was so bruited about in the higher circles, both of London and Paris, that if the painter had introduced the portraits of all those into the group who would have paid the fee for the *entrée*, his composition would have been as closely crowded with noble *dilettanti* of the reign of George the Third as the gallery in which it now hangs is daily thronged with *connaisseurs* of that of George the Fourth.

Many traditional tales are yet told of this celebrated piece, at the tables of a few remaining branches of the ancient *cognos*, over their iced Rhenish. Among others, we may relate, on the authority of the late Lord B.—, that the painter, whilst employed on the picture in the gallery abroad, took sittings of certain gentlemen, who were desirous of being transmitted to future times, thus surrounded by objects of *virtù*, at twenty guineas per head; but that, after their departure from this illustrious city, the said heads vanished, and their places were supplied by others, who paid the same price for the same privilege. Hence, on the appearance of the *Florence Gallery* in England, many a disappointed tourist, who looked for a duplicate of his own veritable *phiz* in this picture, having boasted that it was therein, was suspected, by certain good-natured friends, of using that *traveller's privilege*, so unjustly ascribed to the late Mr. Bruce, whose very faithful portrait is the last depicted on the left side of the composition. The afore-mentioned Lord B.— asserted that he himself had paid his twenty guineas; but certainly his lordship's head is not there. Churchill gave a smart trimming to a literary contemporary, by way of a moral lesson to a great moralist, for a small moral aberration:—

"He for subscriptions baits his hook,  
Obtains your cash—but where's the book?  
The law, as every body knows,  
Prevents the robbing of your foes;  
But what, to serve one's private ends,  
Forbids the robbing of one's friends?"

How would Master *Johan Zoffany* have been made to wince for this mal-appropriation of his colours, had not the poet's hand been cold, his pen inkless, and his own head, like certain of these *dilettanti* lords' and gentlemen's, beyond the vanishing point?

The painter in this piece, too, has not neglected to introduce his own portrait, however, and there he stands—another Jew, doing a little business in the Temple. He is exhibiting, to a group of *virtuosi*, a Madonna, by Raffael, which is introduced by way of episode, and a profitable one it turned out to the artist. The picture did not belong to the gallery—it was picked up by accident by Zoffany, and for a small sum. He was wont to ask all English comers to Florence, "Have you seen my Raffael? —Ah! den you must see it." He is herein submitting it to the admiring group, Sir John Dick, the Earl of Plymouth, Mr. Stevenson, the Earl of Dartmouth, and last, though

the first *par eminence*, the late Earl Cowper, who, charmed with its *gusto*, purchased it, and brought it to England. It is now in the collection of the present worthy earl.

The picture is considered an original Raffael, and a treasure of art. His lordship paid down a certain liberal sum, and granted, by way of residue, an annuity of a hundred pounds, which the fortunate painter, (who lived, as is said and pretty generally believed, to be between ninety and a hundred,) enjoyed to the last. Hence this Madonna, perhaps, whatever may be its merits, is the dearest Raffael that ever was purchased, even by a travelling English lord!

When the Gallery picture was placed in the royal collection, it was the source of many *à jeud'esprit*, and his late Majesty laughed heartily at an observation of Lord M.—y, a favourite courtier, who, on commenting upon the *voi ressemblance* of certain portraits, turning to that of one who is eyeing the *Titian Venus*, "I see, my lord, you leave the *chaste* Madonnas to the sprigs of *virtù*, and group with the more *recherché* in the *carnations* of a Venetian Venus.

This celebrated Venus has been copied by many artists, from age to age, and of every country; the last which we have seen is by the pencil of a living member of our own school, one whose works have already added splendour to the British art. We need not name the indefatigable Etty, who went from Rome to Florence expressly to make a study from this picture.

Zoffany, who was a humourist, is said to have paid off a grudge against one whose portrait is in the foreground group, namely, Mr. Patch, who, it seems, had obliged the painter, rather unhandsomely, to pay a sum of money, on a mere verbal responsibility, for another. Hence he put a black *patch* on the seat of honour, upon one of the sculptured fighting gladiators, and made the figure of Mr. Patch, which had been previously introduced, pointing at this pun upon his name. This story is transmitted on the authority of Zoffany himself. He, however, was known to be a waggon narrator.

It is pretty generally admitted, that foreign artists, who have practised here, have given a foreign air to all their portraits, whether in sculpture or painting. Zoffany, however, may be instanced as an exception to the rule. His portraits have a truly English character and countenance. His pictures, indeed, are so naturalised to our notions, that we cannot help associating his works with those of the founders of the British school.

Zoffany, *malgré* these aberrations abroad, was considered a good fellow at home, that is, in England, where he flourished. Things have been said and done, during many a man's travels, that he would not have said or done where he was localised: many tricks, any one of which would ruin the reputation of a rich blockhead travelling in these classic regions, passes for a frolic, when perpetrated by the poor geniuses and wits; therefore, plodders beware!

There may be something in the bright atmosphere of Italy, that sharpens an artist's wits. Florence is famed for painters' jokes. Hugh Dean, a native of Ireland—the Irish Claude—also cognomened Dean of Florence, was well known for his pranks in that city of marble palaces. An Englishman of fashion had, when

\* The painter has skilfully introduced this Titian Venus, which hangs in that angle of the gallery behind the spectator. He has herein made it an episode to his general design, as it is taken down from the wall to be thus examined.

there, lost the sum of a hundred pounds in play, to a man of fashion also, another Mr. Dean. The loser sent the sum by his servant, the next morning: the messenger was from the land of Erin too. He enquired for "one master Dane," and was directed to the painter, who, happening to have an apartment in one of the palaces, Teague concluded he must be a gentleman, and delivered the cash. Some days elapsed ere the mistake was discovered. The right Mr. Dean, more angry at having been driven to censure his friend for neglect, for the sum, proceeded to the wrong Mr. Dean for an explanation. "This is a bad affair, I swear on my conscience, my honoured namesake," quoth the artist, "but somehow, being short of the needful, the money is altogether no longer in my possession, (stammering with embarrassment) not the whole exactly, nor, indeed, any part of it. I am an unhappy man without means: tell me, my good sir, what am I to do?" The right Mr. Dean replied, "Mr. Dean, the thing is wrong;" and, feeling for the deplorable state of the artist, generously added, "Well, sir, paint me pictures to the amount."

To return to the picture of the Royal Academy, the names of the members therein being given in a note to the former number, we beg to offer a few reminiscences of some of the interesting group. Francis Hayman, who makes so important a figure in his coat, waistcoat, and breeches of drab broad cloth, and his Sunday wig, (to use the words of his favourite pupil, now in his eighty-seventh year, and sitting at my elbow,) "looking as large as life." This Francis Hayman was the ingenious author of those graphic decorations at Vauxhall, the painted walls, which more than half a century ago delighted the grandfathers and grandmothers of the happy, thrice happy, shoals of the present infant generation, who poured in with the joyous tide, to their juvenile festival, last Saturday eve.

Frank, another nightingale, like Philomel,\* kept his summer nights in the bowers of Vauxhall, and returned to his dormitory with the up-rising of the lark.

He lived in the early days of old Jonathan Tyers, in Craven Buildings, and was an useful man in the parish of St. Mary le Strand. The respectable inhabitants of his silent street, situated, to be sure, in the murky bosom of a vile neighbourhood,—the far-famed Drury Lane,—these were wont to open their windows past midnight, to look after the watchman, who, even whilst going his limited rounds, was, by certain timid matrons, unreasonably expected to be in his box. Complaints were preferred at the vestry, and the guardian of the night, though as trusty an old officer as any upon the staff, would have been cashiered, had he not summoned "a worthy gemman, one Mr. Hayman, who could speak to his character." Frank, who was every man's friend, cheerfully obeyed the summons. "Now, gentlemen," said old Time, "now I shall be supported. There is Muster Hayman, who comes home at all hours. Did you, sir, ever find me off my post?" "Never," replied Hayman. "Your testimony is sufficient sir," unanimously exclaimed the board; and the watchman continued to call the hour until long after his friend and patron was called hence, to the rest where even the gayest of the gay no more rise to the song of the lark.

\* At this period, nightingales had long made their annual visits to the groves of Vauxhall. Mr. Tyers, to prevent their nests being plundered by the bird catchers, had a watch in constant attendance, during their season of visitation.

Several members of this first list of R.A.s, joyous convives, used to meet after the Vauxhall season, at the Turk's Head, in Greek Street, Soho. Hayman, Zoffany, Vale, Moser, Carlini, Meyer, Peter Toms, Richard Wilson, and others; but the aforesigned were pretty constant attendants. Zoffany and Hayman, familiarly, Johan and Frank, were inseparable. Zoffany, who had a liberal supply of game, presents from his patrons, used to take a pheasant, a brace of partridges, or woodcocks, to the bar, and whisper mine hostess,—"Dress these for Mr. Hayman and me." Frank used to entertain his friend with the frolics of London, and Johan made him laugh in return, with the comicalities and naïveté of his former friends in *Y'harmany*. They were everlasting smokers.

John Gwynn, who was considered of sufficient talent to be incorporated in this band of artists, on the royal foundation, is now scarcely recognised even by name. Yet he was an ingenious designer, drew architectural subjects correctly, understood the contour of the human figure, and was principally employed by the publishers. He drew all the figures for that capital folio work on the science of *Fencing*, published at a great expense by the elder Angelo, the plates to which were beautifully engraved by that able artist, the unhappy William Wynne Ryland, and his clever coadjutors, Grignion and Hall.

With Ryland, painful as must ever be the remembrance of his fatal end, there was a time when he moved in a sphere above the usual grade of the other members of his profession, or indeed of artists generally, being much employed and patronised not only by the favourite minister, the Earl of Bute, but even by their majesties. When the extensive forgery which he had committed upon the East India Company was discovered, he left his family, and secreted himself at a trusty friend's in the neighbourhood of Wapping. The self-possession of Ryland was extraordinary, as was exhibited on several occasions, wherein a man with less confidence, temerity, or whatever it may be more aptly termed, would have been annihilated on the spot. A reward of five hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension, large placards mentioning this, and describing his person, were posted all over the town, and this he knew, yet he would venture out after dark. In crossing Little Tower Hill, a stranger passed him, turned round, followed, and at length seizing him by the arm with a gentle force, exclaimed, "You are the very man I want." Ryland, without betraying the least agitation, looked him steadfastly in the face, and answered, "But you are mistaken in your man;" adding, "sir, I have not the pleasure of knowing you." The stranger, who really was looking for some other person who resembled the fugitive in general appearance, apologised for his mistake, bade him good night, and Ryland pursued his walk.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Sketches of Shipping: Views in Portsmouth Harbour.* Drawn and etched by Henry Moses.

*The Marine Sketch Book.* By the Same.

WHETHER we consider these publications as perfect examples of the drawing of ships, in every variety of position from which students might derive the utmost advantage, or as fine specimens of art, we are equally disposed to bestow the highest praise upon them. As far as we can judge, every vessel, every mast, and

every rope, are as correct as if the ablest seaman in the fleet had handled them; and at the same time the composition of many of the sketches combines the picturesque with the true, in a manner to please the eye, while it informs the understanding. The etching is all that could be wished,—slight, but sufficient; and where the subjects permit, not merely pretty, but interesting.

*Mackrell's Beauties of the Rhine.* Lithography.

A FORTNIGHT ago we gave our opinion of Numbers 1 and 2 of this production. The 3d resembles its precursors, though in the architecture of Bacharach we do not think the drawing correct; at least, cornices, roofs, and windows, run into each other, and mingle in a way very difficult to reconcile with any given point of vision. The other subjects require no comment; they do perhaps all that should be expected in works of this class,—give a tolerable idea of the places delineated.

*Lodge's Illustrious Portraits*, Part XX.  
Harding, Lepard, and Co.

The present Part concludes the fifth volume of this extremely interesting and beautiful publication, and contains Sir Thomas More, from Holbein's portrait, painted in 1535, now in the possession of Mr. Lenthal, of Burford Priory; the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough (the latter from Ley); John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, also from Holbein; and John, first Lord Maitland, of Thirlestane, the ancestor of the family of Lauderdale. The biographical sketches are, as usual, carefully gathered from the best known authorities, and neatly put together; and the plates, by S. Freeman, R. Cooper, and T. A. Deane, possess the same degree of excellence which this work has rendered familiar to the public.

#### DAVID'S PICTURES.

THE proscription of David's ashes did not extend to his works. They were admitted into the Museum at Paris, for the purpose of exhibition, previous to their sale, which took place about the latter end of last month. Among the principal pictures were "Brutus," the "Horatii," "Leonidas," "the Rape of the Sabines," "Belisarius," "Paris," "Mars and Venus," and David's *chef-d'œuvre*, "the Oath in the Tennis Court." There were also a great many portraits, the two most remarkable of which were of Marat and Lepelletier; the former was represented in the bath, the moment after he had been stabbed by Charlotte Corday, the latter extended dead on his bed, with a large wound in his side. It seems, however, either that the reputation of David as an artist has very much declined in France, or that the Parisians are not disposed to bestow much money on the fine arts; for many of the pictures found no bidders; and most of those which were actually sold brought very moderate sums. For "the Oath in the Tennis Court," 15,000 francs (£625.) were given.

**NORTHERN SOCIETY.**—[From the *Leeds Intelligencer*.] We understand that the preparations for the exhibition of the Northern Society are nearly completed, and that, the Gallery will be opened about the seventeenth instant. We are also happy to hear, that, in addition to Mr. Fawkes's fine collection of Turner's drawings, the Directors have been favoured with some splendid pictures from the collections of Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Macdonald, Lord Rib-

blestale, Wentworth Vernon, Esq., of Wentworth Castle, G. L. Fox, Esq., of Bramham Park, Miss Currier, of Eshton Hall, and from those of several other distinguished Patrons of the Fine Arts in this county. They will also be enabled to exhibit a collection of 36 Original Sketches, in oil, by Reubens, and have reason to hope that his Majesty, with his usual liberality, will allow the Rooms of the Society to be graced by a *chef d'œuvre* from one of the Royal Galleries.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO —

LIFE has a thousand charms,  
A thousand dreams of bliss ;  
Hope, Friendship, Love, thy bosom warms,—  
A gleam of mercy this :

But soon that sun-lit hour is past,

And Hope flies shivering from the blast.

Life has a thousand ills,—  
A thousand anxious fears ;  
Clouds gather on the sunny hills,  
And doubts dissolve in tears :

But Hope comes smiling through the storm—

A rainbow round her angel-form.

Life has a thousand joys,  
Youth fondly dreams for ever ;  
But night draws on—Youth droops and sighs  
“ Will day return ?—Oh never !”

Swift as a breath, light breaks the gloom,  
And Gladness smiles on Sorrow’s tomb.

‘Tis but a change at best,  
Upon Life’s busy shore,—  
A little toil, a little rest,  
And all its cares are o’er.

Then seal’d, immutable, thy state,—  
Fix’d—an irrevocable fate !

It is a dream !—But know  
Death’s cold hand breaks that slumber ;  
And who shall tell, if bliss or woe  
Those countless moments number ?

It is beyond an angel’s ken  
To pierce the veil that rises then !

Life is a narrow sea,  
But who its bounds may tell ?  
Its viewless depths—Eternity,  
Its limits—Heaven or Hell !

A point—a moment,—on it hangs  
Unutter’d bliss—exhaustless pangs !

‘Tis thine ;—but moments past,  
Nor prayers nor tears recal ;  
E’en while thou readest, light and fast  
Time’s noiseless footsteps fall ;

And o’er Life’s golden sands he flies,  
His path serene as evening skies.

Health basks upon thy brow,—  
But Death’s cold victims see ;

Soon thou must lie as they do now,  
And others gaze on thee,

When Life, and Hope’s gay visions seem  
To them as bright as once thy dreams.

From out life’s rose-wreath’d bow’r

Thou glistenest gaily forth,

And all is bright,—a sunny hour

On sky, and sea, and earth ;

But darkness cometh, and the gloom

No ray can pierce—a rayless tomb !

Oh, where thy spirit, when

Friends round thy couch are weeping,

Borne on an angel’s pinion then,

From where that dust is sleeping ?

Death solves the question !—Ere it come, prepare,

None find their pardon, or repentance there !

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PAUL PRY ON HIS TRAVELS.—*Letter XIII.*

I AM fond of good dinners, as all who know me can testify, so that I was delighted to receive an invitation from my countryman, Sir George Gout, who prides himself on having one of the best cooks, and one of the best cellars in all Paris. We sat down sixteen to dinner: his custom is to have every thing served one and one; so that all the dishes come smoking-hot from the kitchen. When the soup is put on the table, the menu, or bill of fare, is handed round to each guest, that he may know what is coming and in what order, and shape his appetite accordingly. After it had passed round, I asked to see it a second time; and, while every one was occupied, I contrived to slip it into my pocket. It ran thus :

Potage à la pointe d’asperges, idem au macaroni.  
Beuf à la sauce tomate,—rélevé, une carpe du Rhône.  
Caneton de Rouen. *Hors d’Oeuvre.*  
Filets de soles sautés.  
Quenelle au consommé.  
Poulet gras aux truffes.  
Salmi de bécasse.  
Rouget.  
Foies gras à la Perigueux.  
Cailles à l’Espagnole.

*Rots.*  
Faisan, truite saumonée du Lac de Genève.  
*Place Montée.*  
Artichauts à la Provençale.  
Poté de foie gras de Strasbourg.  
Crèmes d’amandes.  
Asperges.

Nougat.  
Meringues.  
Macaroni.  
*Petit pain.*

The master of the house was in excellent spirits, but all the servants looked black as thunder: so that it was not at all “ like master, like man.” We every one calculated on a delicious dinner, when, alas ! never was it more true, that if meat comes from heaven, cooks come [from] the other place. How shall I describe the disasters that rushed on us in crowds ? Had Goldsmith been of our crew, what a rich description he would have made of it, when,

“ With looks that quite petrified entered the Butler.”  
“ Sir, there is no carp.” “ How, no carp ? ”  
“ We cannot find it, sir.” “ Find it, what do you mean ? ” “ Sir, the cook is dead drunk, and the carp is missing.” Sir George bit his lip. “ Bring in something else.” “ We dare not, sir, there is nothing fit to bring: may I intreat you to go down to the kitchen, and there you will judge for yourself.” A forced smile played round Sir George’s lips. “ Well, gentlemen, what do you say to visiting my kitchen ? ” Oh for a Hogarth, a Bunbury, or a Cruikshank, to have sketched the varieties of expression of countenance in the guests, from the rising from table to the kitchen scene.

The first object that struck us, was the cook drunk, asleep, and snoring, his head in a saucepan which he had overturned; one half of the dishes were in the fire, on the floor, or in the sink: it was in the latter place I found the carp had been stuck, the cook having removed the grating, and pushed it down. In one saucepan the red mullet was stewing with meringues; the almond-custard formed a sauce for the quails, the stewed woodcocks were garnished with artichokes, the macaroni was poured into the nougat, the pheasant was burnt to a cinder, and the salmon-trout was raw, with a crayfish stuck in its mouth. The under-cook had disappeared, as, indeed, had all the other servants, who dreaded the first ebullitions of Sir George’s anger. Contrary to expectation, however, he burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, in which all joined. “ Take the

beast to bed,” said he; “ I will give you something for him to drink; lock him up until tomorrow morning. Remove all these things, and bring us out the cold round of beef, the Lyons sausages, the stuffed tongue, and the salad. Gentlemen,” he added, “ I make no excuse for offering you a cold collation; we are, thank God, out of the power of all the cooks in the universe, and we will drown our sorrow in noble potations of Cutler and Wilson’s claret, and Calvet’s hermitage.” We sat down again to table; the interruption had given a fillip to our appetites, and the rich farce made up for the rich sauces; but, alas ! the cook’s intoxication still hung like a spell over us. Sir George made the salad, a task which he never delegates to another. “ This,” said he, exultingly, “ the devil could not spoil; here are delicious romaines (coss lettuce), just culled by the gardener; and look at that oil, gentlemen; thick as in January, you may eat it with a knife; it is the pure virgin oil of Aix.” The salad, after being properly *figurized* by the butler, was handed round. “ D—n it,” exclaimed old Captain Dashwood, “ are you grown so much French, Gout, as to put sugar in your salad, as well as your peas ? ” “ Sugar ! ” exclaimed the baronet, with affright: he tasted it, when, with an oath rolling glibly from his tongue, he declared it was sweetened. An inquiry was instituted, and it turned out that the cook had taken a bottle of *sirop de limon*, instead of a bottle of oil, to fill the *burette*. The gardener was despatched for another salad, and in five minutes this mishap was repaired, and nothing more occurred to interrupt the harmony of the table. Coffee was served in the garden, when the demon of the cotton night-cap (the uniform dress of a French cook) again crossed our path; the *sauces piquantes* which he had prepared for one of his dishes, he had poured by mistake into the vessel containing the coffee just made, instead of the saucepan. This was the last of our chapter of accidents; and Sir George observed, “ had only one of them occurred, I should have been furious; but such a concatenation of mishaps, is so very ludicrous, there is no resisting it. Had any person tried to produce so excellent a *comédie*, his genius would have failed him: so, gentleman, I wish you all good night, and beg you to remember not to forget that this day has afforded entertainment for man and beast. The village surgeon is arrived, and part of the night will be passed in properly rewarding the cook for his kindness. At our next dinner I will tell you whether my farce succeeded equal to his. Once more, good night.”

I must not quit the good dinner of my friend, Sir George, without noticing a new discovery of great importance in the circle of comforts. It is the establishment of a joint stock company, for the manufacture and sale of ice. To subscribers, it is sold at a half-penny per pound throughout the whole year. The company has invented portable ice cases, which will keep it a fortnight; and a wine-cooler, which will keep the wine and water at the freezing point, if necessary, during twenty-four hours. Sir George, who is a great patron of all discoveries in *la science de la gourde*, had just purchased these articles, and we had our champagne *frappé* at the precise point of excellence. On my return to England I shall try to introduce this admirable improvement. It is rare, even at some of the best tables, to find the wine in perfect condition; it either makes your teeth chatter, or, from the temperature, you might

mistake it for soup. Indeed, England appears to be behind almost every other country in these matters; at Naples, for instance, where the heats are excessive, I am told you may have in the streets a large glass of iced water or lemonade for a halfpenny. I hope these hints will be sufficient to put my countrymen on the qui vive. A handsome fortune would soon be made by a person who could furnish ice all the year round at a penny a pound.

Ice is here, I find, introduced into medicine: great quantities are used at the hospitals for the insane. The first operation when a patient is brought in, is to shave his head, and the next to put on it an ice poultice. An English gentleman's footman in getting up behind the carriage, as it was turning to go out at the gate, lost his balance, and was carried round by the wheel; a brain fever ensued, and he became quite mad. The family physician advised him to be sent to the Bicêtre, to be put under the care of Dr. Pariet. I could never learn the whole of the treatment, but I understand that ice was kept continually on his head, and he returned to his place in three weeks, perfectly cured. I was curious to go and see this hospital, which is also a prison, and was originally the palace of a bishop of Winchester in those rare times when kings of England were kings of France, and crowned at Paris.

The Bicêtre is immense: in the first court and buildings are *les bons pauvres*, or the aged poor. An air of comfort and neatness reigns through all this part of the establishment: it is through this court that all the felons are conveyed to the prison department. I do not think that it can contribute either to the happiness or even the pleasures of virtuous old age to have continually before their eyes criminals brought in, who only leave it chained to each other, to serve at the galley, or to be beheaded at the *Place de Grève*. The prison is wretched: some manufactories have been set up in it, but the prisoners take the materials and destroy them, or throw them into the common sewer. There is a chapel in the interior, which is a good resource for the hypocrites. They attend mass regularly, confess often, and express the deepest contrition for their crimes. The priests certify the sincerity of their repentance, a petition is forwarded by him to the minister, and a full pardon not unfrequently follows; the liberated felon is not even put under the surveillance of the police; he obtains his liberty, receives abundant alms from the charitable, and then returns to his former habits. This is no doubt an abuse of generosity; but, on the other hand, a door ought always to be opened to repentance: a thousand circumstances may lead to the commission of a crime of which even the criminal himself has as great a natural horror as any person; and here I think the general system in France is bad. The prisoners for grave offences are branded in the shoulder, or, as the French call it, *marked*. The word marked reminds me of two anecdotes on the subject, which I cannot resist telling. The famous, or rather infamous, Countess de la Motte was branded or marked by the executioner: when she was liberated, the jailor, who was a bit of a wag, observed, take care madam that you are not re-marked. On another occasion, when several prisoners were exposed in the pillory, some of whom were to be branded and others not, the executioner, by mistake, branded a wrong person; the poor devil, as may easily be supposed, was furious, when the executioner very gravely observed that he was very sorry for it,

and was willing to make all the reparation in his power; that he was willing to be at the expence of having another iron made, with the word *erratum* on it, which he would mark him with immediately below the other, and thus every body would see that it was a mistake. Whether the poor fellow consented to this *reparation d'honneur* I could never learn.—Now I bounce back again to the galley slaves.

When their time is nearly expired, the principal officer of the galley writes to the Director General of the police that such persons are to be liberated at such a period. If foreigners, they are put on board a vessel, and sent out of the country. If Frenchmen, they are asked in what part of the country they wish to fix their residence. *Paris* is always refused them. Their wishes being known, passports are sent to them indicating their route and place of residence. Information is given to the mayors of all the communes on their line of road, from which they must not depart, a halfpenny per mile is allowed them for their expenses, which they receive at every mayoralty. Arrived at their destination, they must present themselves before the mayor and commissary of police; but what are they to do? no one will employ them; for their papers declare them to be *forçats libérés* (freed galley slaves). All shun them, even those of their own class in society. And who will employ a criminal, when honest labourers want work? Thus are they frequently driven, from necessity, to their former course of life, until justice again overtakes them, and the galley for life is their doom.

After prying pretty deeply into this matter, I think I have hit on a plan that will delight all the sovereigns of Europe, and as they all, I find, read the *Literary Gazette*, I will give it you. I ask nothing for my discovery; but if gratitude induced the monarchs and their ministers to heap honours and pensions on me, I do not say that I would refuse them, as it would be ungracious and ill bred. Well then, I would have a common sewer to carry off the filth of all Europe. New Holland, for instance, might be the dépôt for criminals of all nations, and from which they should never return, on pain of death. Commissioners from all the nations of Europe might be sent there to superintend their own criminals; this would be better than all your hulks and your penitentiaries, which cost immense sums to government, and are, after all, only schools for crime, where old rogues perfect young rogues in the art of committing depredations on society: they go in novices, and come out adepts. Now, if my plan were adopted, I think fewer crimes would be committed, and we should at length rid the country of the schoolmasters of crime, and our lives and fortunes would be in greater safety. We might, perhaps, thereby create a new Rome; but that will happen, sooner or later, take what precautions we may; and, indeed, it ought not to alarm us much, as we find that the descendants of convicted felons may become good citizens of a state, which may take its rank amongst nations without any inconvenience. There is a dose of philosophy for you, Mr. Editor.

#### DRAMA.

#### HATMARKET.

ALTHOUGH the temporary secession of Mr. Liston has thrown some variety into the performance at this theatre, yet there has been little in the way of novelty exhibited, and of that little a very small proportion only is entitled to our notice. The comedies of *The*

*School for Scandal*, *The Clandestine Marriage*, and *The Poor Gentleman*, have been acted severally more than once; but, with the exception of Farren and Cooper amongst the males, and Mrs. Gibbs and Mrs. Glover amongst the females, the company this season is by no means adapted to give the proper effect to plays which more particularly belong to, and are so much better performed at the winter houses. The heat of the weather, also, has made the performers careless, and the audience languid; so that for the last three weeks there has been less laughter and worse attendance than usual within the walls of this agreeable little theatre. On Monday, *The Beggars' Opera* was represented for the purpose of introducing Miss Forde in the character of *Polly*. This young lady formerly took the second line of business, as it is called, at Drury Lane, where she became, to a certain extent, something of a favourite. Since that time she has been attached principally to the Dublin theatre; and the high degree of favour she has enjoyed there has once more recommended her to a London engagement. It is quite clear that during her absence she must have laboured hard at her professional duties, as she has made great advances both as an actress and a singer. Her voice is much improved in compass and in sweetness. She has acquired more confidence, and her style of singing is both easy and accomplished. It is not difficult to perceive that she has taken a celebrated vocalist of the present day for her model; but with all deference to her own powers, and those of her great prototype, we should still give the preference to a little more simplicity, and think that taste and feeling, with a moderate display of musical acquirement, are more likely to become popular with an English audience than the most splendid and showy execution of the foreign schools. In fact, we should say that her singing in this opera is, like her satin dress, rather too fine for the character she assumes. A Mr. Lee, from Dublin, who an evening or two before had made his *début* as *Belville*, was the *Captain Macheath*. With some knowledge of his art, his powers are extremely limited, and his voice is any thing but pleasing. He is also less of an actor than even gentlemen in his particular department usually are, and is withal fond of displaying an awkward and redundant action. With industry he may become useful; but it is not probable that he will ever attain any thing like celebrity. Farren was the *Peachum*, a part not much in his way, and one upon which he does not bestow any extraordinary pains; and Mrs. Humby was equally out of her place in *Lucy*. She is by far too good-natured and too pretty to look the character; and her acting is of too mechanical a nature truly to express its passion. Miss Forde was greatly applauded; and considering her recent severe indisposition, unmercifully encored throughout. Mr. Lee, too, had many friends in the house, some of whom were more clamorous than judicious in their mode of approbation. The opera has since been repeated with good effect.

LAST week (too late for us to notice), a new melo-drama was successfully produced at the English Opera House. It is called the *Guerilla Chief*, and founded on Mr. Banion's clever story of John Doe, in the Tales of the O'Hara family. From its native Ireland, the scene has been changed into Spain, not to advantage. The performers on whom the burthen of the cast

was laid exerted themselves most creditably, and the *Guerilla Chief* has been running every evening since its first performance.

Mr. Bish, after taking possession of Drury Lane theatre, and appointing three managers and one treasurer, has suddenly determined not to fulfil his contract. [Vide Epigram.] Is it too late to express a hope that some wealthy and public-spirited individual will come forward and give the former lessee another opportunity of redeeming some part of his property?

**THE DIORAMA,** which was sadly mauled by the hail-storm, has since had its windows repaired, and is re-opened with somewhat of an additional *cotat*, derived from the accident of its short *closure*; it is now apparently as much visited as if the town were quite full.

#### VARIETIES.

**Coal Miners.**—A Mr. Wood, who resides near Newcastle, has proposed a plan for avoiding the dreadful accidents and loss of human lives so frequent in coal-mines, in spite of the safety lamp, by causing artificial explosions, at proper times when the workers and animals are removed, and thus clearing the pit of its inflammatory hydrogen gas.

**Population of the Netherlands.**—The population of the Netherlands appears to be increasing. The following is the state of the population for six consecutive years:

|         |           |
|---------|-----------|
| In 1820 | 5,642,552 |
| 1821    | 5,692,723 |
| 1822    | 5,707,638 |
| 1823    | 5,836,120 |
| 1824    | 5,913,595 |
| 1825    | 5,992,066 |

The proportion of male to female births is much the same as in England. In the Netherlands, it is—1800 to 950; in England, as 1000 to 947; in France, as 1000 to 937; and in Naples, as 1000 to 965. This agreement, of the cause of which we shall probably always remain ignorant, is as remarkable for its singularity as for its constancy.

**Longevity of Animals.**—A little treatise by Aristotle, on the length of the lives of animals, has recently been republished at Goettingen, with notes by Professor Schultze. These notes contain a summary of all that is known on the subject by the moderns. M. Schultze gives an account of some very curious experiments on *cerastes ephemerus*; and although, of all vertebral animals, birds are those which have the shortest lives, he brings forward, in opposition to these beings of a few hours, the instance of a parrot, carried in 1633 from Italy into France, which was still living in 1743, and which, consequently, was above 110 years old. He also quotes the no less remarkable fact of a fish, taken at Kayserslautern, in 1497, in a reservoir, where it had been deposited 267 years before; as appeared from a ring of copper with which its head was encircled. Whales, which, according to Buffon, live for 1,000 years, are not forgotten; but M. Schultze prudently observes, that the celebrated naturalist may perhaps have been deceived on that point.

**France.**—The project of rendering Paris what is rather absurdly called a sea-port, by

the formation of a canal from Paris to Havre, capable of conveying merchant vessels, with their masts, sails, rigging, cargoes, &c., has already been noticed in the *Literary Gazette*. Two rival plans have since appeared, either of which, and especially the latter, seems to be much more practicable. The one, by M. Béaigny, consists in establishing partial and occasional canals, rendering the Seine, by deepening it and other expedients, the chief mode of communication; the other, by M. Navier, is the construction of an iron-rail way, on which he maintains that goods may be transmitted at much less expense than by water carriage. The subject itself has undergone long, repeated, and interesting discussions in the Academy of Sciences, in which discussions, M. Dupin has taken a very active part.

**The Digestion.**—About two years ago, Messrs. Breschet and Edwards endeavoured to shew before the Philomathic Society at Paris, the causes of the existing difference of opinion with respect to the influence of the nervous system, in producing the phenomena of digestion. Since that time they have made experiments (conjointly with Dr. Vavasseur), which seem to have decided the question; and of which they state the following to be the principal results: “1. The division of the eighth pair of nerves considerably retards, without stopping, the transformation of food into chyle. 2. This slackening of the digestive labour results principally from the paralysis of the muscular fibres of the stomach. 3. The vomitings which frequently supervene, on the division alluded to, result from the paralysis of the muscular fibres of the oesophagus. 4. The re-establishment of active chylification, after the division, by the aid of an electrical current, results not from the chemical action of that agent, but rather from its occasioning these movements which are necessary to renew the surface of the alimentary matter, and to bring in turn the particles which compose it, in contact with the coats of the stomach. 5. By a mechanical irritation of the interior end of the nerve, analogous results may be obtained.” The conclusion drawn from the experiments that have been made, is, that one of the principal functions of the pneumo-gastric nerves is to preside over the movements of the stomach; movements which accelerate digestion, by facilitating the contact of the gastric juice with the various parts of the alimentary matter.

**Arctic Circle.**—A new expedition, under Captain Parry, has been resolved upon, we understand at the earnest solicitation of that gentleman, and to explore the northern hemisphere. In this instance, the plan we have all along ventured to recommend in the *Literary Gazette*, is to be adopted: one large vessel is to proceed to a given point where it will be stationed, and serve as a rendezvous to parties sent out in boats, sledges with dogs, &c. to pursue discoveries in every quarter on sea and shore.

#### IMPROVISED.

The beantuous Miss R., at friend John's as she sat,

Condemning the air—“hot as fire;”

When, from under the table leap'd out a young cat,

Which she took in her lap to admire.

“Ho ! ho !” says friend John, “miss puss, you are right,

Long to lie in that gown of blue stuff;

But sure you'll require no supper to-night,

For lo ! you've had LAPPING enough.”

T. S.

**Anatomy.**—[From a Correspondent]—There is at present living in the neighbourhood of C., Robert Govis, seven years old, a healthy, cunning boy, face small, and not at all given to sloth or idleness, and whose head is a perfect “Iusus nature,” the dimensions of which are as follows:—

|  |    |
|--|----|
| From the os frontis to the pole, round and back again                            | 26 |
| From the top of the chin, passing over the face, to the first cervical vertebrae | 27 |
| From the throat, passing over the ears and sagittal suture                       | 24 |
| From one temporal bone, round the occipital, to the other                        | 18 |
| Breadth of the os frontis  | 16 |
| Height of ditto  | 5  |

**Hayti.**—Since the commencement of the present year, a sort of *Farmer's Journal* has been published monthly at Port-au-Prince. There are few countries in the world to which a good knowledge of agriculture would be more advantageous than to St. Domingo. We fear, however, that unless this work improves, it will not be the means of communicating much useful information to the inhabitants of Hayti.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Messrs. G. and C. Carville, of New-York, have issued a prospectus of an American Annual Register, to appear every August, in a new quarto volume, containing about eight hundred pages. This is, we believe, the first Transatlantic attempt of this kind.

**Northern Antiquities.**—M. Stoborg, of Stockholm, a member of several learned societies, has published a very interesting quarto volume, with plates, of Swedish and Norwegian Antiquities. They are divided into seven distinct classes: 1. Public manuscripts and acts, such as the Eddas, the Sagas, and other ancient poems, legal and local laws, political and religious statistics, diplomas, and other writings of importance. 2. Runic and Gothic inscriptions; belonging not only to the times of paganism, but to the first ages which followed the introduction of Christianity into the North. 3. Images and figures used in pagan and Christian worship, amulets and emblems, instruments for sorcery and other purposes. 4. Ruins. 5. Money and Coins. 6. Utensils, arms, jewels, and other objects of antiquity. 7. Hills, groves, springs, places consecrated to sacrifices, to burials, and to courts of justice; fields of battle, and other monuments of public utility. M. Stoborg promised four other volumes on the same subjects.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Edward and Alfred's Tour in France and Switzerland, 2 vols. 18mo. 5s. half-bd.—Common Place Book of Adventures, 24mo. 4s. bds.—Charles and Eugenia, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Familiar Geography, by the Abbé Gautier, 16mo. 2s. cloth.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

| July.        | Thermometer.    | Barometer.     |
|--------------|-----------------|----------------|
| Thursday 6   | From 52. to 95. | 29.98 to 31.85 |
| Friday 7     | 59.             | 29.84 to 29.90 |
| Saturday 8   | 56.             | 29.76 to 29.69 |
| Sunday 9     | 58.             | 29.70 to 29.74 |
| Monday 10    | 49.             | 29.77 to 29.80 |
| Tuesday 11   | 49.             | 29.86 to 29.90 |
| Wednesday 12 | 51.             | 29.88 to 29.77 |

Wind W. and S. W. Alternately clear and cloudy, with a little rain on the evening of the 8th and morning of the 12th.

A meteorologist in the neighbourhood of Coleraine, Ireland, informs me that the thermometer, in the shade, during the past month, was several times at the unusual height of 90°.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.  
Latitude ..... 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude ..... 0° 3' 51" W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“An Unheeded Poet” shall be heeded as soon as possible.

We are too philanthropical to insert the Misanthrope. We regret that the author of “Letters from Cockney Lands” should fancy he has any cause of complaint: but as we have said above that we are philanthropic, so are we also despotic.

Will not pass, because hearts are never called.

“Un amie des Lettres” is too late: we have dropped those questions for several years.

We cannot accept H. T.

**ERRATUM.**—In the article on Craniology, page 480, line 50, for “casualty” read “causality.”

On the late Parliamentary and Theatrical Transaction. With his “Houses” Tom Bish has had luck there's no doubt of, which will soon make his cramm'd-pocket thin: the last which he wants to be out of, and out of the one that he wants to be in.



Just published, by John Haste, the Corner of St. Paul's Churchyard,

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